Nikos Kazantzakis

Asceticism

God's Salvation-In-Action

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Nikos Kazantzakis

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David Scanlon
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"I do not hope for anything, I no longer fear anything, I was remade by the mind and by heart, I have ascended higher, I am free. I wanted nothing more. I sought only freedom."

Nikos Kazantzakis

"Remain unbiased and curious to know what is universally and eternally true: with the necessary changes having being made you will know the tears of things and that love is the essence of life."

David Scanlon

DESCENDING AND ASCENDING

“ὁδὸς ἄνω κάτω μία καὶ ὠυτή”

Heraclitus (535 - 475 BC) and T.S. Eliot (1936)

Wave upon wave, are crashing into me,
Beyond the control of time, grief descends
With an unfamiliar, yet familiar, cleansing;
Are we lucky to have loved enough?
For now this pain is just too much,
Washing me towards darker places.

Then I remember, and find the surface,
Back in the control of time, life ascends
With a familiar, yet unfamiliar, cleansing;
We are lucky to have loved enough
For, in our passing, it’s never too much,
Being taken towards lighter places.

So, I let the waves wash through me now,
Within her eternal time, in joy ascending
With a familiar, yet unfamiliar, rapture;
Are we lucky to have loved enough?
Yes, yes, yes for love needs the pain,
To wash us clear of our dark places.

David Scanlon (2022)

"This struggle lasted for many years. I tried many different roads by which to reach by salvation: the road of love, of scientific curiosity, of philosophical inquiry, of social rebirth, and finally the difficult and solitary path of poetry....."

Nikos Kazantzakis (1959)

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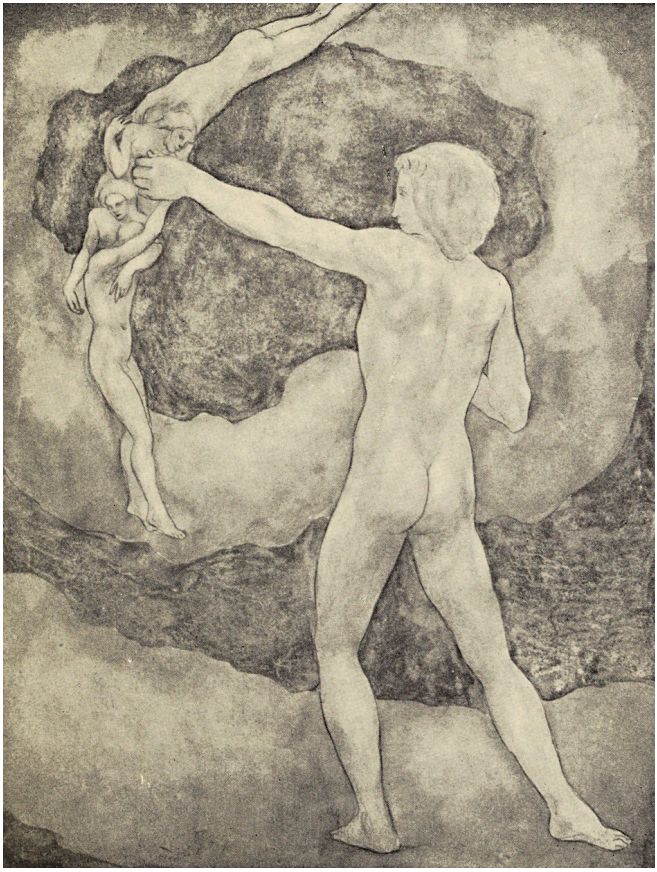
This is for no-one else but the we in me. Thank you Angélique Codina for opening this doorway into a world I know well, where the unknown silence leads, and the answer is found, in the struggle, as our own unique voice is called forth.

"Obligations alone remain independent of conditions. They belong to a realm situated above all conditions, because it is situated above this world .....This obligation is an eternal one. It is coextensive with the eternal destiny of human beings. Only human beings have an eternal destiny. Human collectives have not got one. Nor are these, in regard to the latter, any direct obligations of an eternal nature. Duty towards the human being as such—that alone is eternal."

Simone Weil (1952)



Kahlil Gibran (1923) The Archer.
Illustration in The Prophet.

THREE SOULS, THREE PRAYERS:

I AM A BOW IN YOUR HANDS, LOVE' DRAWS ME OR I WILL ROT.
DON'T OVERDRAW ME LOVE' OR I WILL BREAK.
DRAW ME, LOVE', AND LET ME BREAK!

Nikos Kazantzakis (1965)

Kahlil Gibran (1923)
The Divine World. Illustration in The Prophet.

PROLOGUE

"What first truly stirred my soul was not fear or pain, nor was it pleasure or games; it was the yearning for freedom. I had to gain freedom - but from what, from whom?"
Nikos Kazantzakis (1965)

We come from a dark abyss; we end up in a dark abyss; the bright space in between we call Life. As soon as we are born, the return begins; in all our moments there is both the beginning and the end; in every moment we die. That's why so many have preached: The purpose of life is a good death.

* But as soon as we are born, the work to create, to synthesise, to make things from life begins; in every moment we are born again. That's why so many have preached: The purpose of our ephemeral life is immortality.

* In our temporal living bodies these two streams fight: a) the ascending, towards synthesis, towards life, towards immortality; b) the descent, towards decay, towards matter, towards death.

* Both streams spring up from the loins of a primordial essence. In the beginning life is surprising; it seems to be beyond laws, like it is working against nature itself, there is an ephemeral reaction to the dark eternal sources; but deep within us we feel: Life is also the anarchic, indestructible force of the Universe. Otherwise, where is the superhuman force that projects us from the unborn to the born and protects us; plants, animals, people; during the struggle? Both the opposing streams are divine. It is therefore our duty to work towards a vision that accommodates and harmonises these two huge anarchic, indestructible urges; and with this insight to regulate both our thinking and our actions.

Hilma Af Klint (1915) The Dove - Higher Love. No 01 Group IX-UW, No 25. The Paintings for The Temple.

Kahlil Gibran (1923)
The Triad-Being Descending. Illustration in The Prophet.

PREPARATIONS: The First Duty

"Many times in my life, sometimes voluntarily, sometimes involuntarily, I placed an expedient mask over terrors in this same way over love, over virtue, over illness. This is how I made life bearable." Nikos Kazantzakis (1965)

Quietly, with a clarity, I look at the world and say: All that I see, feel, taste, smell and touch are creatures of my mind.

* The sun rises and falls within my skull. In one half the sun enlightens, in the other the sun endarkens.

* The stars shine within my mind: Ideas, men and animals graze within my primitive head; songs and a weeping fill the shrivelled shells of my ears and they flutter for a moment in the air; my mind fades, and everything, heaven and earth, vanishes. "Only an I exists!" the mind demands.

* "Within my dwelling place, my five maidens do their work, weaving and unweaving time and place, joy and sorrow, things and spirits."

* "Everything flows around me like a river, dancing, swirling, with faces like water-falling, a chaos raging."

* "But the I, the Mind, with patience, with courage, soberly with all this spinning, ascends. So that I don't stagger and fall, I erect signs to calm the spinning, I throw down ahead of me things, I open up roads and I build bridges across the abyss."

* "Slowly, with a struggle, wading between the things I have given birth to, distinguishing them for my own convenience, I mingle with them laws and live by their burden for my own practical needs."

* "I bring order to anarchy, I give a face, my face, to the chaos."

* "I don't know if a secret, higher essence of mine lives and stirs behind the things I make. And I don't even ask; I don't care. I give birth to the things, I paint with many glorious colours a gigantic curtain in front of the abyss. Do not say: "Pull away the curtain, let me see the true image!" The curtain, that is our mirage."

* "It is in this human work, temporal as it is, my child, that I build my kingdom. And it is a solid work, none more solid, and only within its places can I fruitfully become, be happy and do my work."

* "I am in the abyss of patience. I am the viewer of the abyss. I am both the theory and the practice. I am the law. Outside of me nothing exists."

Without the vanity of rebelliousness, seeing and accepting the limits of the human mind, and then within these strict limits I go to work without any protest, unceasingly; that is your first duty.

* With courage, with relentlessness, build upon the crumbling chaos a new ground, enlighten the threshing floors of the mind, then thresh, then thin, like a worker in a new house, in the universe.

* Clearly distinguish and heroically accept these bitter yet fruitful, human, flesh from our flesh, truths:

  a) The human mind can only take in appearances, never the essence;

  b) and not of all that appears, but only the appearances of things;

  c) and even narrower: not even these appearances of things, but only the relationships between them;

  d) and these relationships are not real, they are independent of man; they are also born of man;

  e) and they are not the only human ones possible; but only the most convenient for his practical and mental needs.

* Remaining within these boundaries the mind is rightfully the absolute monarch. No other authority exists in this kingdom.

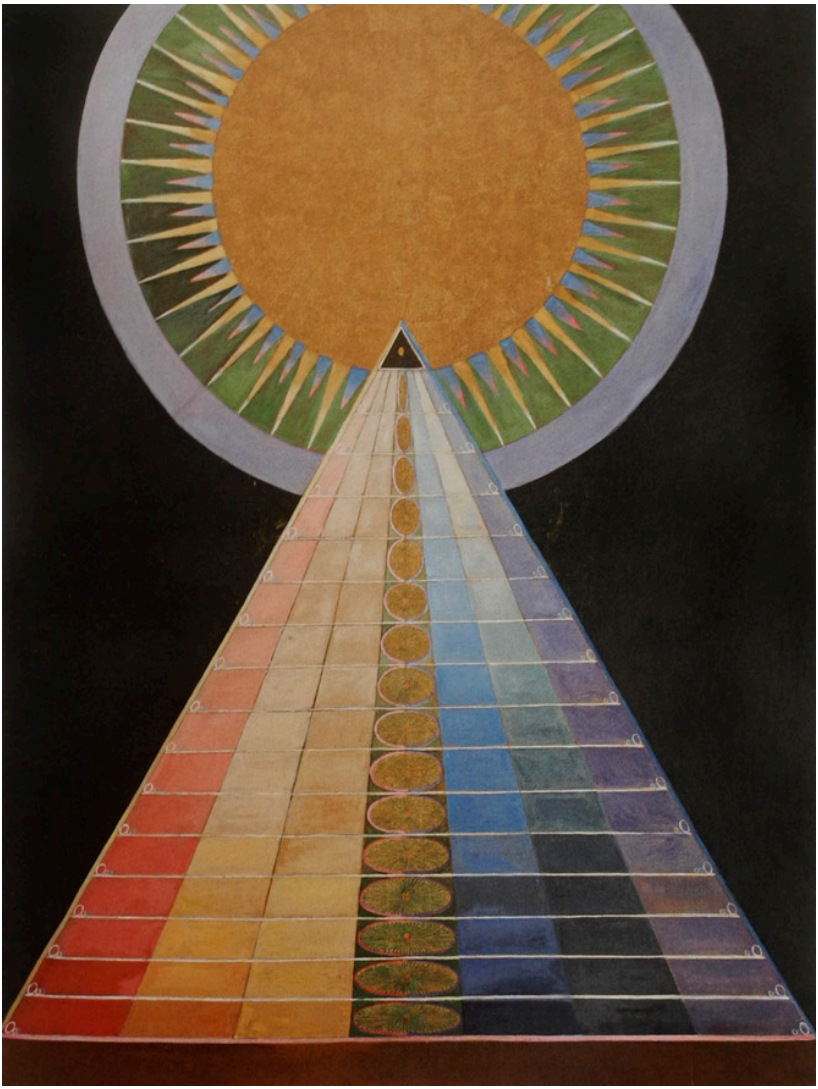
* I recognise these boundaries, I accept them with determination, bravery and love, and I both struggle and I am at ease within this territory, as if I were free.

* I subdue things, force them to become a good conductor of my mind. I enjoy the plants, the animals, the people, the gods as if they are my children. I feel the whole Universe whispering around me and following me as if it is my shadow.

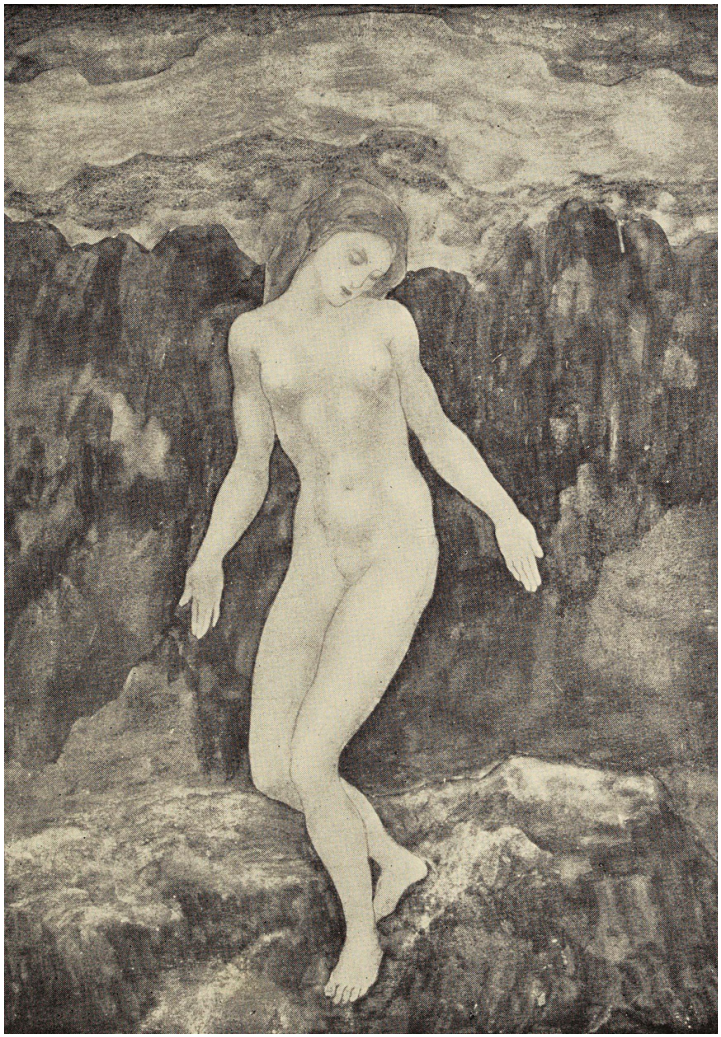
* In sudden dread-filled moments this flashes through me: "All this is a cruel and futile game, without beginning, without end, without meaning." But I live again, again, quickly returning to the wheel of necessity, and the whole Universe resumes its rotation round and round; it's all around me.

* Discipline is the highest of the virtues. Only in this way is strength balanced with desire and the human effort bears fruit.

* This is how to clearly and harshly distinguish the omnipotence of the mind from all that appears and the impotence of the mind beyond all that appears; before you move towards redemption. Otherwise you cannot be redeemed.



Hilma Af Klint (1915) Altarpiece, No. 1
The Paintings for The Temple.



Kahlil Gibran (1923)
The Gift. Illustration in The Prophet.

PREPARATIONS: The Second Duty

"The man who writes has an oppressive and unhappy fate. This is because the nature of his work obliges him to use words; that is to convert the inner surge into immobility. Every word is an adamantine shell which encloses a great explosive force. To discover its meaning you must let it burst inside you like a bomb and in this way liberate the soul which it imprisons." Nikos Kazantzakis (1965)

I don't accept these boundaries, all that appears does not contain me, but I'm drowning! To experience this deep, dread-filled agony is the second duty.

* The mind is at ease, it has patience, it likes to play; but the heart grows wild, it does not allow it to play, it hesitates and begins to tear at the netting of necessity.

* To subdue the earth, the water, the air, to conquer time and the weather, to feel within these laws the reflections that rise from the burning desert of the mind when they are joined to things which come and come again: what is the value of this?

* There is only one thing I long for: To grasp what is hidden behind all that appears, what is the mystery that gives birth to

me and kills me, and discover if behind the visible unceasing flow of the world hides an invisible eternal presence.

* If the mind cannot, it is not its task to attempt the heroic and desperate escape beyond these boundaries, if only my heart could!

* Beyond! Beyond! Beyond! Beyond mankind I seek for the invisible whip that weighs down upon us and pushes us into the struggle. Beyond us animals I wait to see the primal face that fights us in the creating, shattering, re-making of the unfathomable masks that are imprinted on all of our fast flowing flesh. Beyond the plants I struggle to make out the first steps of the Unseen in the mud. A perception is within me:

    - Dig in! What do you see;
        - People and birds, water and stones!
    - Dig some more! What do you see;
        - Ideas and dreams, lightning and ghosts.
    - Dig some more! What do you see;
        - I don't see anything! Silent night, thick as death. It must be death.
    - Dig some more!

* Ah! I can not penetrate this dark curtain! I hear voices and cries, I hear wings from the other side!

* Do not Cry! Do not Cry! It's not from the other side! The voices, cries and wings are your heart!

* Beyond the mind, on the sacred precipice of the heart, I bumble forward trembling. One of my feet clings to the sure ground, the other searches into the darkness with it hanging above the abyss.

* Behind all these phenomena I feel a fighting essence. I want to merge with her.

* I feel anxious that even the fighting essence is fighting behind all that appears to merge with my heart. But the body stands between and separates us. The mind stands between and separates us.

* What is my duty? To crush the body, to pour out and merge with the Unseen. To silence the mind, to hear the Unseen calling.

* I walk on the rim of the abyss and I tremble. Two voices inside me fight.

* The mind: "Why should we get lost pursuing the impossible? Within the sacred enclosure of the five senses it is our duty to recognise the limits of man."

* But another voice inside me, let's call it powerlessness, let's call it heart, resists and shouts: "No! No! Never acknowledge the limits of man! Break the boundaries! Don't deny what your eyes see! So die and say: There is no death!"

* The mind: "My eyes are narrow and hopeless and yet see everything. Life is a game, a show within the five theatres of my body."

* "I look avidly, with unspeakable curiosity, and as I do not have the naivety of the peasant to believe, I go up on the stage and intervene in this dread-filled comedy."

* "I am the blacksmith magician who, motionless, sitting at the crossroads of beliefs, sees the world being both born and

disappearing, sees the multitudes shaking and shouting on their colour-filled paths of futility."

* "Heart, simple heart, be still and submit!"

* But the heart explodes in anger and shouts: "I am the peasant and I jump on the stage and I will intervene in the course of this world!"

* I don't weigh it, I don't measure it, I don't feel at ease! I follow my deep beating heart.

* I ask, I ask again, striking at the chaos: Who places us on this earth without asking our permission? Who uproots us from this earth without asking our permission?

* I am a temporal creature, weak, made of mud and dreams. But inside me I see all the forces of the Universe swirling.

* I want in each moment, before it crushes me, to open my eyes and see again. I don't give my life any other purpose.

* I want to find a single justification to go on living and enduring the terrible daily spectacle of sickness, poverty, injustice and death.

* I started from a dark place, the Womb; I am constantly going to another dark place, the Memory. One force slings me through the dark chasm; another force pulls me inexorably into this, our own dark chasm.

* I am no longer the prisoner who is watered with wine to cloud his mind; with a new dawn braking, sober, I trudge the path between the two cliffs.

* And I struggle with how to communicate to my friend's before I die. To give them a hand, before I can even spell a single word let alone give them a whole speech. Let me tell them all what I imagine this new path in life to be like; and that I am excited how we are all together moving. And how important it is that we all together regulate our walk and our hearts.

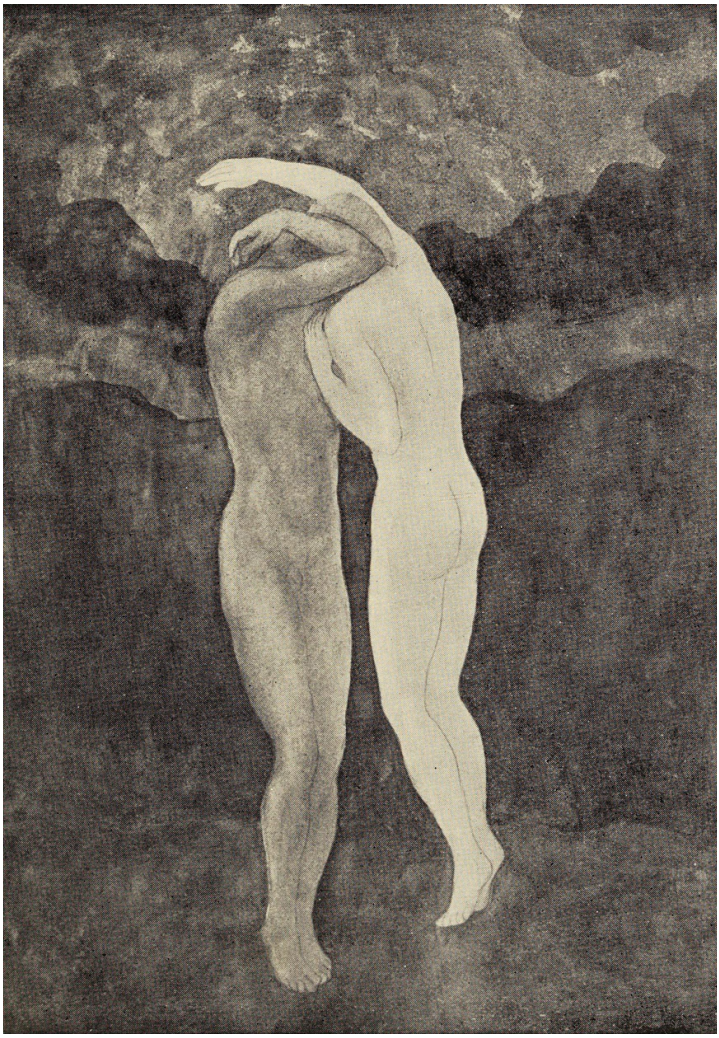
* From all this whispering, like conspirators, I would have a simple message to tell my friends.

* Yes, the purpose of the Earth is not life, it is not man. Earth has lived without them, will live on without them. We are but the ephemeral sparks of her violent spinning.

* Let us unite, let us hold on tight, let us enjoin our hearts, let us create, while the warmth of this Earth still endures, as long as earthquakes, floods, ice, comets don't come to wipe us all out, let us create with a brain and with a heart on Earth, let us give a human meaning to the superhuman struggle!

* This agony is our second duty.

Hilma Af Klint (1915) Altarpiece, No. 2
The Paintings for The Temple.



Kahlil Gibran (1923)
Love. Illustration in The Prophet.

PREPARATIONS: The Third Duty

"Above all, only now did I begin to have a presentiment of the great secret: that by means of poetry all this suffering and effort could be transformed into dream: no matter how much of the ephemeral existed, poetry could immortalise it by turning it into song." Nikos Kazantzakis (1965)

The mind gets so comfortable. He wants to fill his prison, the skull, with great works. He wants to carve heroic sayings on the walls, to paint the wings of freedom upon his chains.

* The heart is never comfortable. Hands are clapping from outside her prison, love-filled voices are heard in the air; and the heart, full of hope, responds by rattling the chains; and in a flash it seems to her that the chains have become wings.

* But quickly the heart falls wounded again, she has lost all hope and the Great Fear seizes her once again.

* The moment is now, leave behind your mind and heart, move forward, let us together take the third step.

* We must escape the simplistic comfort of the mind that makes order and hopes to subdue all that appears. Escape from the

terror of the heart that seeks and hopes to find the essence of things.

* Defeat what is within you, the greatest temptation, hope. This is the third duty.

* We fight because we like fighting, we sing even if there is no ear to hear us. We work, even if there is no master, when it gets dark, so that we are paid our daily wages. We are not guest workers; we are the masters; this vineyard of the Earth is ours, our flesh and our blood.

* We dig for it, we prune it, we harvest it, we tread on its grapes, we drink the wine, we sing and weep, visions and Ideas then rise up within our heads.

* What season of the vine were you lucky enough to work in? In the time of digging? In the harvest? During the celebrations? Everything is as one.

* I dig and rejoice the whole cycle of the grape, I sing as I thirst and toil, drunk with the wine yet to come.

* I hold the frosted glass and relive the toil of my grandfather and great-grandfather. And the sweat of the work runs like a open tap down my large drunken skull.

* I am a sack of flesh and bones, blood, sweat and tears, desires and visions.

* I spin for a moment in the air, I breathe, my heart beats, my mind flashes, and suddenly the earth opens and I disappear.

* Within my temporal backbone two eternal streams rise and fall. In my within-ness a man and a woman embrace. The both love and hate, they fight.

* The man, confused, shouts: "I am the arrow that wants to tear through the warp, to break away from the loom of necessity."

* "To be beyond the law, to crush bodies, to defeat death. I am the Seed!"

* And the other deeper voice, the woman's, responds calmly and confidently: "I sit with two feet on the ground, I plant my roots deep into the graves; in stillness I receive the seed and nourish it. I'm all milk and need."

* "And I yearn to return, to descend into the animal, to descend lower, into the tree, among the roots and the soil, then never stir again."

* "I hold, I enslave the Spirit, I do not let her fly; I hate the arising flame. I am the Womb!"

* I listen to their two voices; they are both mine and I rejoice in them and I refuse neither. The dance of the five senses is in my heart. An ancient renunciation of the five senses is also in my heart.

* Countless forces both visible and invisible rejoice and follow me, when with anguish, against the almighty stream, I ascend.

* Countless forces both visible and invisible are relieved and soothed when, descending, I return to earth.

* My heart is flowing. I am not asking for the beginning and the end of the world. I follow this awe-filled pace and move.

* I say goodbye to everything in every moment. Look slowly, passively at everything and say: this will never come again!

* Look around you: All these bodies you see will rot. There is no salvation.

* Look: They live, work, love, hope. Look again: Nothing is there!

* Generations of people rise from the soil and fall back into the soil.

* Man's virtue and effort accumulate, multiply, rise towards the sky.

* Where are we going; Do not ask! Ascending, descending. There is no beginning, there is no end. There is only this present moment, full of bitterness, full of sweetness, and I enjoy it all.

* Life is good, death is good, the Earth is round and firm, like a woman's breast in the palm of my hands.

* I give into everything. I love, I hurt, I struggle. My world seems wider than my mind, my heart is a dark and omnipotent mystery.

* If you can, Soul, rise above the noisy waves and catch the whole sea in a twinkling of your eye. I keep my brakes tight so I don't skid along the way. Then all at once I am again plunged into her sea and the struggle is washed away.

* Our body is a ship and it sails on deep blue waters. What is our purpose? Let us be shipwrecked!

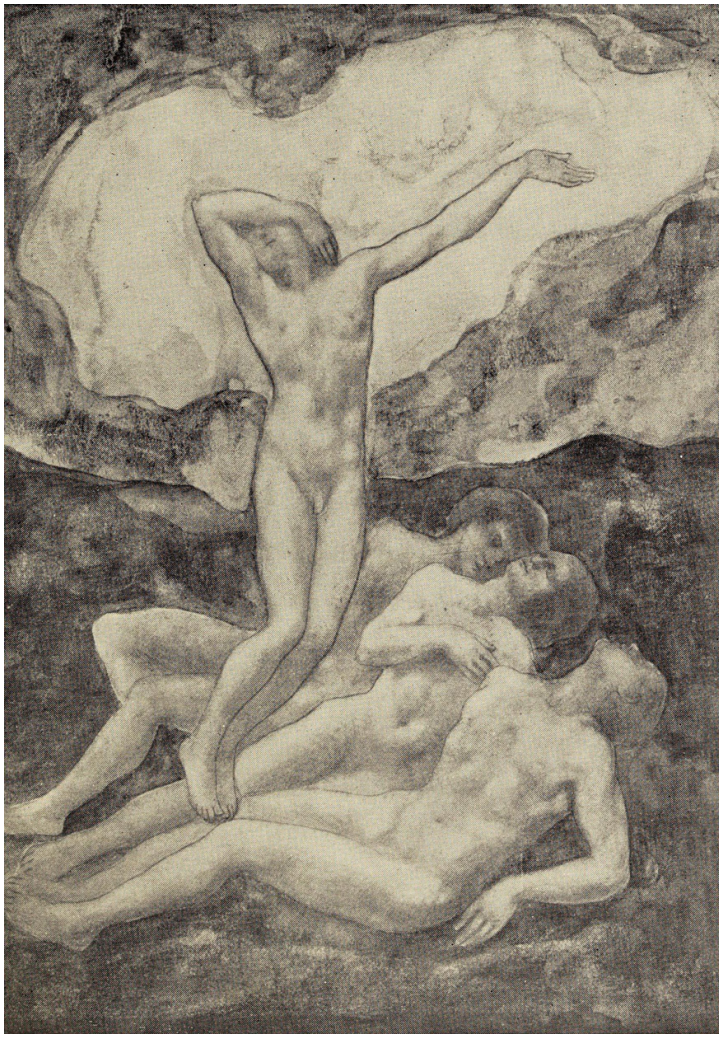
* For the Atlantic is a waterfall, Newfoundland beyond only exists in the heart of man, and suddenly, in a whirling silence, you and the whole galleon of the world will sink into the waterfall of death.

* It is your duty, quietly, without hope, with bravery, to take your ship across the abyss. And say: There is nothing there!

* There's nothing is there! Neither life nor death. I look at things and the mind like two non-existent erotic ghosts chasing each other, merging, giving birth and disappearing, and I say: "This is what I want!"

* I do not hope for anything, I no longer fear anything, I was remade by the mind and by the heart, I have ascended higher, I am free. I wanted nothing more. I sought only freedom.

Hilma Af Klint (1915) Altarpiece, No. 3
The Paintings for The Temple.



Kahlil Gibran (1923)
Towards the light Above. Illustration in The Prophet.

THE MARCH

"The bow had been so greatly overdrawn that I already heard the creaking of the cord stretched from one temple to the other inside me; it had reached the breaking point."
Nikos Kazantzakis (1965)

But suddenly a heartbreaking cry comes from inside me: "Help!" Who is it that calls?

* Gather up all your strength and listen; the hearts of all mankind is a single cry. Lean against your chest to hear her; someone inside you is struggling and crying out.

* It is your duty, in every moment, day and night, in joy and in sorrow, amid the daily goings-on, to distinguish this Cry, to distinguish her impetuously or in a restrained way, as suits your nature, laughing or crying, in-action or meditating, and fight to feel who is the one who threatens and shouts; and find how we can join forces, all together, and liberate her.

* From within our greatest joy, one of us shouts: "This hurts! I want to escape this joy! I need to plan!"

* From within your greatest despair, one of them shouts: "I do not despair! I Fight! I grasp your head, I hide from your body, I hide from the earth, I don't belong in minds, in names, in deeds!"

* Out of our broadest virtue someone rises up, from the despair, and cries: "Virtue is narrow, I cannot breathe; Heaven is small, narrow, it can not contain me; your God seems to me like a man, I do not want him!"

* I hear the wild scream and implode. Inside me, the agony that is ascending is composed, for the first time, in a complete human voice, it turns to face me and calls me clearly, by my name, by the name of my parent and my race!

* This is the greatest, most critical moment. It is the sign for the March to begin. If you don't hear this Scream tearing your guts out, do not begin!

* Continue with patience, with submission to your sacred service of the first, second, third phases of preparation.

* And listen: In sleep, in love, in creation, in any uncharitable acts of pride, or in the deep despairing silence, you may suddenly hear the Scream and begin.

* Until that moment my heart was flowing, rising, falling with the Universe. But when I heard the Scream, my gut and the Universe were split into two camps.

* Someone within me is in danger, raised his hands and shouts to me: "Save me!" Someone inside of me climbs up, stumbles and shouts: "Help me!"

* Which army of the two eternals should I choose? Suddenly I nod, my whole life hangs on this decision; the whole life of the Universe hangs too.

* Of the two, I choose the one ascending. Why; For no understandable reasons, without any certainty; I know how helpless, at this critical moment, the mind is because of the small number of certainties man has.

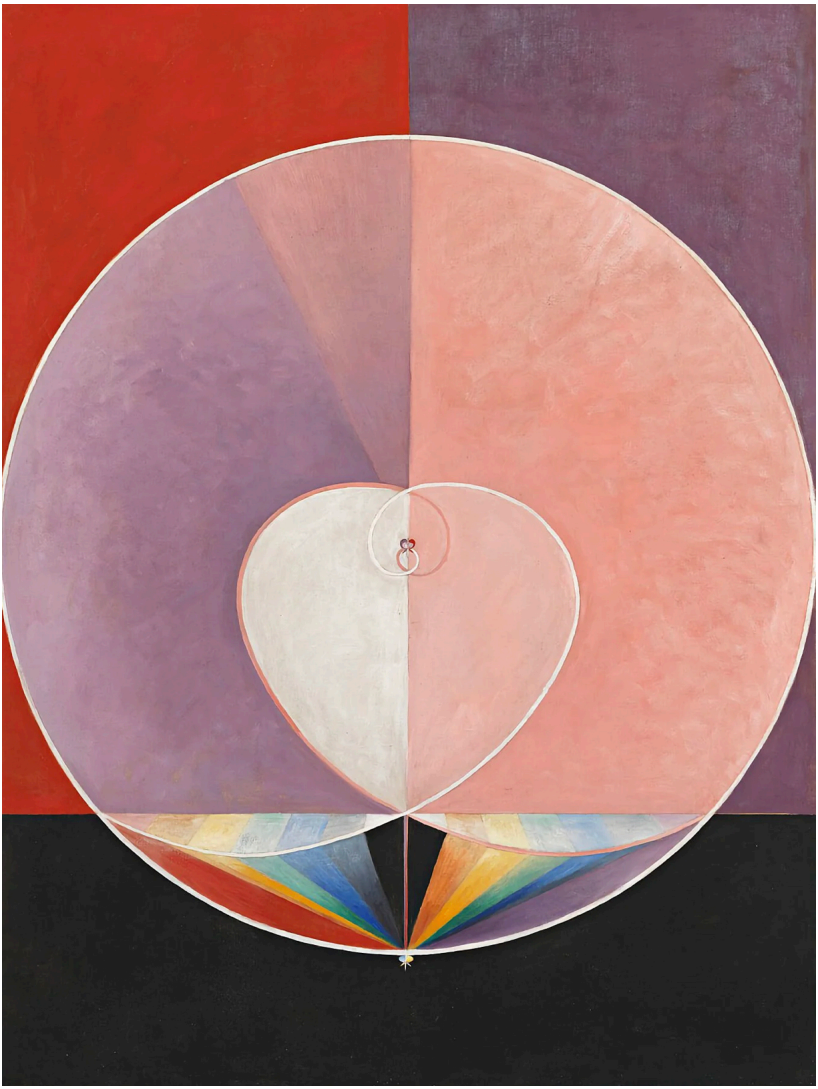
* I choose the ascending path, because that's where my heart pushes me. “Up! Up! Up!” my heart calls out, and I follow it with growing confidence.

* I feel, this is what the terrible primal Scream asks of me. I leap to her side! I identify my fate with her.

* Someone within me struggles to lift this burden, to cast off flesh and mind, overcoming habits, laziness and need.

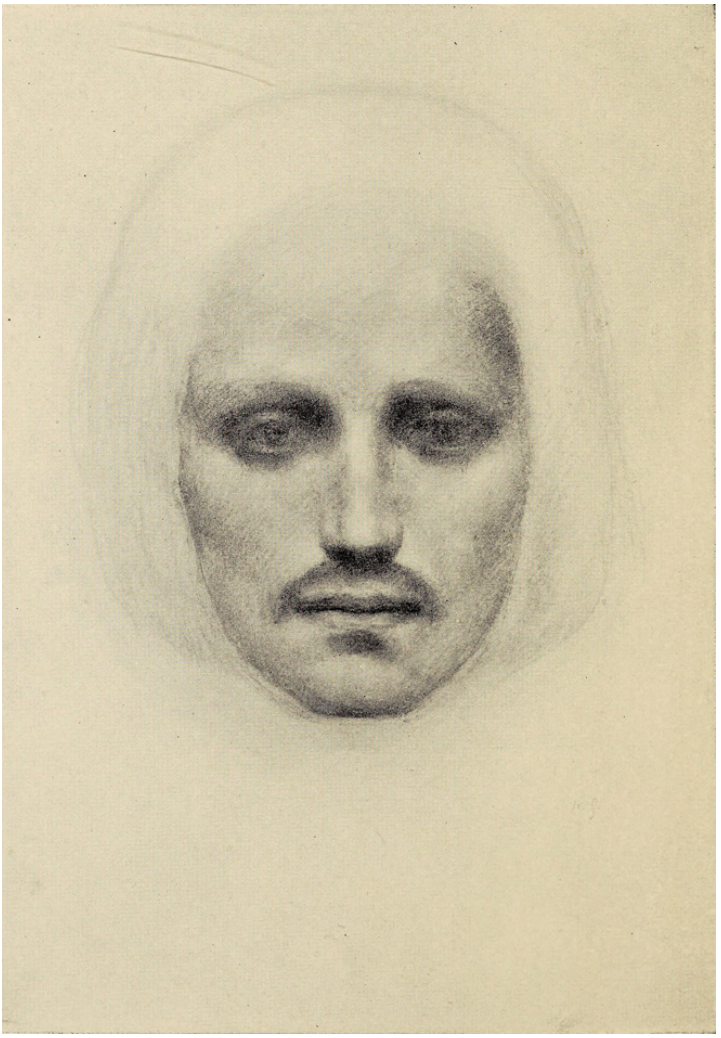
* I don't know where he comes from and where he is going. Within my ephemeral chest I grasp his course, I listen to his struggle, I shudder touching him.

* Who is she; I listen, I mark, I smell the air. I climb, searching upwards, struggling. The eternal, secret March begins.



Hilma Af Klint (1915) The Dove - Higher Love. No 02 Group IX-UW, No 26. The Paintings for The Temple.

Hilma Af Klint (1907) The Ten Largest. Childhood No. 1 Group IV The Paintings for The Temple.



Kahlil Gibran (1923)
Face of Almustafa. Illustration in The Prophet.

MOVEMENTS: First Our Ego

"What was this destiny of mine, where was it leading me? Since my intellect still could not unravel the mystery, I allowed my heart to decide: "Do this, don't do that, March! Do not halt or cry out. You have a single duty - to reach the limit." "What limit?" I demanded. "Ask no questions. Advance!"" Nikos Kazantzakis (1965)

I am not good, I am not pure, I am not quiet! My happiness and unhappiness are unbearable, I am full of inarticulate voices and darkness; I am moved with tears and blood in this warm manger of my flesh.

* I'm afraid to speak. I adorn myself with false wings, shout, sing, cry, to stifle the relentless cry of my heart.

* I am not the light, I am the night; but a flame blazes between us continuously and consumes me. I am the night eaten by the light.

* In peril, groaning, staggering in the dark, I struggle to shake myself from sleep, to stand for a while, upright, as long as I can.

* A small unruly breath fights inside me desperately trying to defeat happiness, dread-filled weariness and death.

* I train my body like a war horse, I keep it lean, strong, willing. I toughen it up and pity it. I don't have another horse.

* I keep my mind wide awake, lean, relentless. I pray for it to fight inexorably and consume, in the light, the darkness of the flesh. I have no other way to turn darkness into light.

* I keep my heart burning, courageous, restless. I feel in my heart all the goings-on and contradictions, the joys and sorrows of life. But I struggle to subdue them to a rhythm within the heights of my mind, the harshness of my heart. To the ascending rhythm of the Universe.

* The Cry proclaims for me to return. He shouts: "I, the Cry, am the Lord your God! I'm not a place of shelter. I am not home nor hope. I am not the Father, I am not the Son, I am not the Holy Ghost. I am your General!"

* "You are not my slave or a plaything at my mercy. You are not my friend, you are not my child. You are my partner in battle."

* "Keep bravely to the passageways I entrusted to you; do not betray them! You have a duty and you can become a hero in your own ways."

* "Love the danger. What is the most difficult path? That is what I may want! Which way will you take? The most challenging ascent! That is the one I'm getting you too, listen!"

* "Learn to obey. Only he who obeys a superior rhythm to his own is free."

* "Learn to command. Only he who can command attention is my representative on this earth."

* "Love the responsibility. Say: I, I alone have a duty to save the earth. If it does not get saved, it will be my fault."

* "Love each one according to his contribution to the struggle. Don't seek for friends; ask for companions!"

* "Always be restless, ungrateful, maladjusted. When a habit becomes convenient, break it. The greatest sin is satisfaction"

* "Where are we going; Will we ever win? Why all this fighting? Shut up! Warriors never question!"

* I bend down and listen to this battle cry within me. I begin and begin to understand the Leader's face, hear clearly his voice, accept with joy and dread his harsh orders.

* Yes, yes, I'm nothing. A faint phosphorescence over the wild plain, a wretched worm that creeps and loves, shouts and talks about wings, for an hour, two hours, and then his mouth is clogged with dirt. These dark forces do not give any other answer.

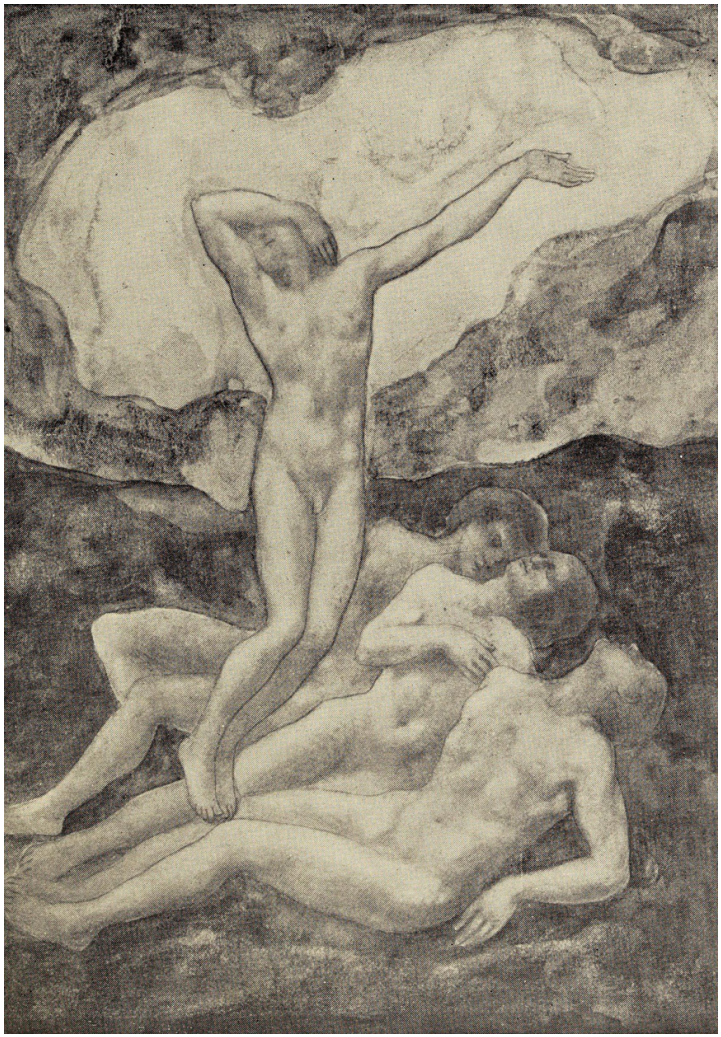
* But inside me, a Scream superior to me shouts from eternity. What is true, whether I want it or not, I am also, for sure, a part of the visible and invisible Universe. We are one. The forces that work within me, the forces that push me and live in me, the forces that push me and die in me are, certainly, her own forces too.

* I'm not a meteorite alone in the world. I am dust from his dust and breath from her breath.

* I don't fear being alone, I don't hope to be alone, I don't shout about being alone. As a great force, the eternity of the Universe fears, hopes, shouts with me.

* I am a flimsy bridge, as Someone travels on me then I collapse behind him. A Fighter passes through me, eats my flesh and my mind, to open up a new way, to escape from this me. We are not an I, She calls!

Hilma Af Klint (1907) The Ten Largest. Childhood No. 2 Group IV The Paintings for The Temple.



Kahlil Gibran (1923)
Towards the light Above. Illustration in The Prophet.

MOVEMENTS: Second Our Race

"Never in my life had I felt so tangibly and with such astonishment that hate, by passing successively through comprehension, mercy and sympathy, can be transformed into love. The same can happen when good wrestles with evil, I reflected. It was as though they had formerly been united, were then separated, and were now struggling to meet once more." Nikos Kazantzakis (1965)

The Scream is not yours. You do not speak, unknown ancestors speak with your mouth. You do not desire; the longing of countless generations of descendants is in your heart.

* Your dead do not lie in the ground. Birds, trees, air were born through them. You sit in their shadow, you feed on their flesh, you breathe their exhaled air. It is from them Ideas and passions were born, and they define your will and your actions.

* Future generations will not stagger away from you, in their uncertain weather. They will live, act and desire of your loins and your heart.

* Your first duty in expanding beyond your ego is, in this lightning-fast moment when you walk on earth, to be able to experience the eternal march, the visible and the invisible, of your own being.

* You are not one; you are an army. In bright moments under the sun one of your many faces lights up. And almost immediately it goes away and another one comes, your younger one, from behind you.

* Our race is the great body, past, present and future. You are a fleeting expression, this is the face of us. You are the shadow, she is the meat.

* You are not free. Invisible myriads of hands hold your hands and shake them. When you are angry, a great-grandfather foams at your mouth; when you love, a caveman ancestor finds ways to sulk; when you sleep, the graves open in your memory and your head is full of ghosts.

* Your head is a pit of blood, and flocks and herds of the spirits of the dead gather and drink you into life.

* "Don't die so we don't die!" cry the dead inside you. "We didn't get to enjoy the women we lusted after; you will get to sleep with them! We didn't get to make our Ideas work; let's make them work through you! We have not yet grasped and fixed the face of our hope; it is for you to fix it!"

* "Finish our work! Finish our work! Day and night we go in and out of your body and shout. No, we did not leave, we didn't give up on you, but we didn't come down again to earth. Through your being-with-us we wash away the struggle. Redeem us!"

It is not enough to hear the roar of your ancestors within you. It is not enough to feel them fighting in front of you on the threshold of your mind. They all flock to be caught by your warm mind, to rise again and see the light of day.

* But you can choose. Which ancestor should fall back into the darkness of your blood and which should rise again into the light and enrich the soil.

* Don't feel sorry for them! Sit awake and let the pit of your heart choose. This shadow, so to speak, is humble, dark, like an animal; let him be! This one is silent and burning, more alive than an I; how he drinks of all our blood!

* Enlighten the dark blood of your ancestors, compose their cries into speech, which will purify their will, which will widen their narrow merciless brow; this is your second movement.

* Because you're not just a slave. Just as in your birth, a new possibility was born with you, a lighter spark flickers in the great darkness of your heart.

* Whether you like it or not, you bring a new rhythm. A new desire, a new Idea, a new sorrow. Like it or not, you are enriching your ancestors body.

* Where will you move next? How will you face up to life and death, virtue and fear? The whole generation takes refuge in your breast and asks and awaits anxiously the answer.

* You have a responsibility. You are no longer just ruling your small insignificant existence. You are the dice where for a moment the fate of your race is played out.

* Your every action affects thousands of fates. As you walk, you open up, create the fertile ground where the river of descendants will enter and flow.

* When you fear, fear spreads across countless generations and you humiliate countless souls before and behind you. When you rise to this brave deed, your enriched race rises and finds courage.

* "I'm not alone! I'm not alone!" May this vision burn you in every moment.

* You are not this wretched fleeting body; behind your flowing mask of clay lurks a thousand-year-old face. Your passions and your Ideas are older than your heart and mind.

* Your invisible body is the dead ancestors and the descendants yet unborn. Your visible body is the living men, women and children of your own race.

* Only he is freed from the hell of his ego that feels hungry when a child of his race has nothing to eat, and feels heart-filled joy when a man and a woman of his race kiss.

* All these are members of your great visible body. Your suffering and rejoicing is scattered to the ends of the Earth in thousands of bodies of the same blood.

* As you fight for your small body, fight for the big one too. Fight for all these bodies of yours to become strong, lean, and willing. Let their minds be enlightened, let their hearts beat with a burning fire, brave, restless.

* How can you be strong, enlightened, brave, if these virtues do not roam freely in your larger body? How can you be saved if

your larger blood is not saved? For when one of your kind perishes, you are drawn into their doom. A part of your body and mind decays.

* So live deeply, not as an Idea, but as flesh and blood, to this identity.

* You are a leaf on the great tree of your race. So feel the soil rising from the dark roots as it ascends to all the branches and leaves.

* What is your purpose? Fight to be held firmly by the branch, and whether as a leaf or as a flower or as a fruit, may the tree move within you, be renewed and breathe with freedom.

Your first duty, in fulfilling your service to the race, is to feel within yourself all your ancestors. The second, to illuminate their momentum and continue their work. Your third duty, is to hand over to the children this great commission so they surpass you.

* There is agony within you. Someone is fighting to escape you, to tear from your flesh, to be free from you. A seed in your loins, a seed in your mind doesn't want to be with you anymore, it doesn't want to be in your gut anymore, it fights for freedom.

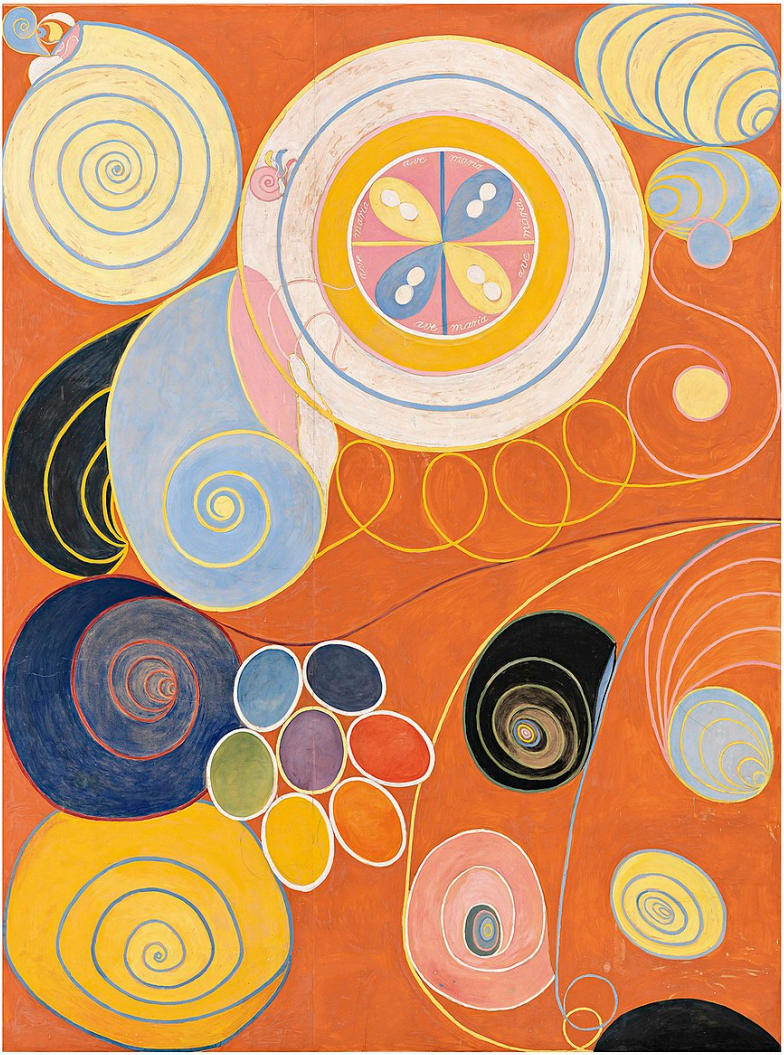
* "Father, I don't fit in your heart anymore, I want to crush it, to move on. Father, I hate your body, I'm ashamed to be attached to you, I'm leaving now!"

* "You have become a sick horse, your legs can no longer carry the rhythm of my heart. I'm in a hurry. I'll ride off, ride upon another body, and leave you on the road!"

* And you, the father, rejoice in hearing your child's contemptuous voice. "Everything, everything is for my son!" you shout "I am nothing. I am the Ape, this is the man. I am this man, this son of man!"

* A force within you, superior to you, penetrates and crushes your body and your mind as it shouts: "Gamble the present and the certain, gamble it for the future and all that is uncertain!"

* "Don't keep anything back. Love danger. We may be lost, we may be saved. Do not ask! Every moment the whole world is in the hands of danger! I, the seed of the unborn, eat the fat of your race and I cry out!"



Hilma Af Klint (1907) The Ten Largest. Youth No. 3 Group IV The Paintings for The Temple.

Kahlil Gibran (1923)
The Prayer. Illustration in The Prophet.

MOVEMENTS: Third Our Humanity

"I do not wish to sell my soul to the God, to what all you others call God; I do not wish to seek my soul to the devil, to what all you others call the devil. I do not wish to sell myself to anyone. I am free! Happy the man who escapes the claws of God and the devil. He, and he alone, is saved..... Salvation means deliverance from all saviours. This is the supreme freedom, the highest, where a man breathes only with difficulty. Do you have the endurance?"
Nikos Kazantzakis (1965)

You are not talking. Nor is it the race within thee alone that cries; within thee the countless generations of men; white, yellow, black; they too hum and cry.

* Free yourself also from your race; fight to live in the whole struggles of mankind. See how he has unmasked himself from the animals, how he struggles to stand upright, to regulate his inarticulate cries, to keep the flame between the hearthstones, to keep his mind between the bones of his head.

* Let pity overwhelm you for this creature that was detached one morning from the apes, naked, defenceless, without horns or sharp teeth, with only a spark of fire in its soft skull.

* He does not know from where he comes and where he's going to. But he wants, by loving, working, killing, to dominate the earth.

* Look at the people, feel sorry for them. Look at yourself among the people, have pity on yourself. In the dim twilight of life we touch each other, we seek, we ask, we listen; we cry for help!

* We are running. We know how we run towards death, but we can't stop. We are always running.

* We hold a candle and run. Our face, for a moment, lights up; but we hastily hand over the torch to our son, and we disappear, descending into Hades.

* The mother looks ahead, towards her daughter; the daughter also looks ahead, beyond her husband's body, towards her son, this is how the Invisible walk on this earth.

* We all, habitually, stare straight ahead, pushed by vast inalienable dark forces behind us.

* Rise above the temporal castle of your body, look back over the ages. What do you see; Animals with matted hair, with blood pumping, rising up from the mud in revolt. Animals with matted hair, with blood pumping, descending from the mountains in revolt.

* The two raging armies come together like a man and a woman and become a ball of blood, brains and mud.

* Look: the multitudes rise like grass from the soil and fall back to the soil, now a fertile nourishment for all future sowings. And the earth grows fat from the ashes, from the blood and from the minds of people.

* Many unknown ones are lost in mid-fight, they are born and die sterile. Chasms suddenly open into the darkness, multitudes fall, incoherent orders are snarled in the chaotic din, and the human herd is disturbed and scattered.

* Suddenly we become aware of what is about us and around us and from the abyss of our heart we feel the blind, insatiable, heartless, mindless forces.

* In this stormy sea we sail, we feel something as yellow lightning flashes, in this brittle shell we are entrusted with all our riches, our children and our gods.

* Waves dark, thick, full of the blood of ages rise and fall. Every single moment is an opening into the abyss.

* Gaze upon the dark sea without faltering, stare into the abyss, every moment, without any illusions, impudence and fear.

Without illusions, impudence and fear. But this is not enough; let's make one more movement; fight to give meaning to the incoherent ramblings of man.

* Train your heart to rule as spacious a palace as possible. Consume from one century, then from two centuries, then from three, from ten, from as many centuries as you can endure, the march of man. Train your eye to see people moving over long periods of time.

* Immerse yourself in this vision with patience, with love and in a fully giving way; until the world within you breathes: the fighters become enlightened, they unite in your heart and acknowledge each other as siblings.

* The heart unites what the mind separates, overcomes the struggles of need and transforms the struggles into love.

* He was clinging to the insatiable precipice and struggling to give words to the vision. Lift up now the colour-filled veil of mystery; see the stars, the seas, the multitudes, the Ideas; give form and meaning to the formless, unknowingness of eternity.

* Embrace in your heart all the horrors, reconstruct all the details. Redemption is a circle; close it!

* What does happiness mean? To live all miseries. What does light mean? To look with an unblemished eye into all darkness.

* We are a humble letter, a syllable, a word from a gigantic Odyssey. We are immersed in an enormous song and we shine as humble snails shine while submerged in the sea.

* What is our duty? Let's raise our heads from the text, for a moment, as long as our guts can bear it, and breathe in the songs of the moving oceans.

* It is to combine all the adventures, to give meaning to the journey, to battle dauntlessly with the multitudes, with the gods and with the animals, and slowly, patiently, slamming on our brakes, melody by melody, find our Ithaca.

* Like an island, slowly, with a terrible struggle, the work of man rises from the oceans of unknowingness.

* Within their threshing floors fixed day and night, generations work, love, hope, perish. New generations step on the corpses of their fathers, continue the work above the abyss and struggle to share this terrible mystery; how? cultivating a field, kissing a woman, studying a stone, an animal, an Idea.

* Earthquakes come, the island shakes, one corner collapses, another rises from the sunless waves.

* A slow sea-dweller is the mind, and it is its job to infiltrate the chaos.

* From all these generations, from all the miseries and joys, from the loves, from the wars, from the Ideas, a pure and peaceful voice rises; pure and peaceful, because it contains all the sins and worries of the struggling man and overcomes them and ascends.

* Through all this human material, one climbs up with hands and feet, drowning in tears and blood, and struggling to be saved. To be saved by whom? From the body that encompasses him, from the people that support him, from the flesh, from the heart and from the reason of man.

    - Sir, who are you? Like a Centaur you rise before me, arms stretched to the sky, with feet planted in the mud.

    - "I am He who eternally ascends! "

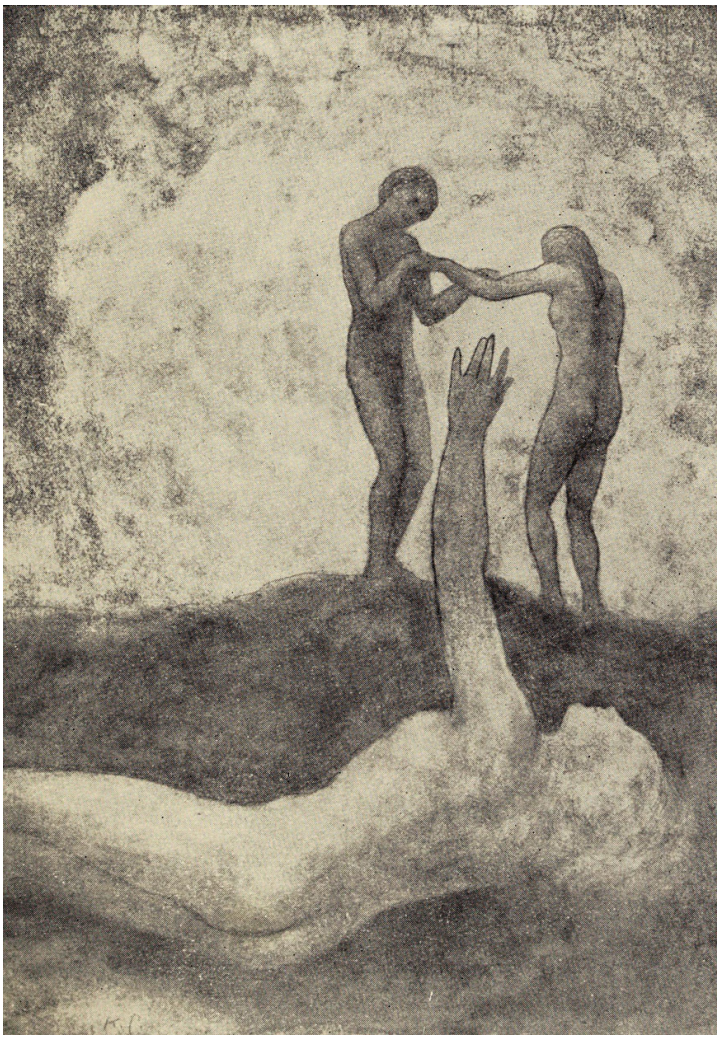
    - Why are you going up? You act out, you struggle, you fight to get rid of the animal. From the animal and from the human. Do not leave me!

- “I fight, I climb, so as not to drown. As I stretch out my hands, I'm caught by all the warm bodies, I raise my head above my mind to breathe; I'm drowning, I don’t fit anywhere!

- Sir, why are you trembling?“

- “I'm afraid! The dark ascent has no end. A flame is my head and eternally it bursts forth; but the wind of night eternally blows to extinguish me. My fight is always in jeopardy. My whole fight for every body is imperilled. I walk, stumble within the flesh, like a soldier at night, and cry: Help!”

Hilma Af Klint (1907) The Ten Largest. Youth No. 4 Group IV The Paintings for The Temple.



Kahlil Gibran (1923)
The Marriage. Illustration in The Prophet.

MOVEMENTS: Fourth Our Earth

"I saw how naively and with how many hopes I had set out; and which were the various way stations I halted at momentarily to catch my breath and work up new momentum - the self, the race, mankind, God; and how I discerned the supreme peak above me - the silence."
Nikos Kazantzakis (1965)

You are not shouting. Your race does not cry out in your ephemeral breast. It is not only the white, the yellow, the black generations of multitudes that cry out in your heart. The salt encrusted Earth, with its waters and trees, with its animals, with its people and gods, cries out in your chest.

* The Earth rises in your reason and shows its body for the first time.

* She shudders; she is an animal that eats, gives birth, moves, remembers. She is hungry, she devours her children - plants, animals, people, ideas - she grinds them in her dark jaws, passes them again through her body and pours them back into the soil.

* She remembers, reliving her passions. In my heart her memory opens, spreads, conquers time.

* This is not the heart that leaps and beats in the blood. It is the salt of the Earth. She turns back and relives her terrifying ascent from chaos.

* I remember an endless wasteland of anarchic burning matter. I'm burning! I travel through immeasurable disorganised time, all alone, desperate, screaming in the wilderness.

* And slowly the flame subsides, the matrix of matter cools, the stone comes to life, and crumbles; and a small, green leaf rises trembling in the air. It takes hold of the soil, it becomes fixed, it raises its head and arms, it grabs the air, the water, the light, it suckles the Universe.

* It suckles the Universe and wants to pass it through the wood like its thin threads and make it a flower, fruit and seed. To make it immortal.

* The sea shudders, splits in two, and a slimy, restless, odourless worm rises from its muddy bottom.

* The burden is vanquished, the slab of death is lifted, the armies, the trees, and the animals are marching filled with love and hunger.

* I gaze upon Earth with her muddy mind and shudder as I relive the danger. I could sink, lose myself in these roots that happily drink the mud; I could stay planted in this thick, wrinkled log; or I could eternally sow in the bloody dark skull of this ancient ancestor.

* But I survived. I passed the thick-skinned plants, I passed the fish, the birds, the animals, the monkeys. I created man.

* I created man, and now I struggle to unmake him!

* "I can't fit in! I can't fit in! I want to escape!" This eternal cry rang out and it reaped in the world's loins. It jumped from body to body, from generation to generation, from species to species, ever more carnivorous and stronger. All parents cry: "I want to give birth to a child superior to me!"

* In the terror-filled moments when the Scream passes through our body, we feel a prehuman force relentlessly pushing us. A bubbling, muddy torrent roars behind us, filled with blood, tears, sweat, roars of joy, pleasure and death.

* An erotic wind blows over the Earth, a giddiness takes over all living things and they are enjoined in the sea, in the caves, in the air, under the soil, pouring from body to body a in great incomprehensible message.

* And now only we, as we feel the rush from behind us, dimly begin and start to understand why the animals were fighting, giving birth and dying, and why behind them are the plants, and why behind all are these chaotic forces.

* Mercy, gratitude and respect overwhelm us for our old comrades in arms. They worked, loved and died to make way for us to progress further.

* Just like them, with the same pleasure, frenzy and agony, we work for someone else, who with every brave act of ours takes a step forward.

* All our struggles will once again have a purpose much greater than us, where our toils, miseries and crimes will be utilised and sanctified.

* This is an onslaught! Her breath hums, flutters, fructifies matter, passes through the animals, creates man, seizes upon him like a vulture of prey and shrieks.

* It is now our turn! She works on us, processes matter inside us and turns it into breath, treads on our mind, mounts astride our sperm and fights, kicking back at our body, to escape.

* It is as if all of life is this visible eternal hunt for an invisible Bridegroom, who chases from body to body for eternity, the untameable Bride.

* And we, all those invited to the wedding procession, plants, animals, people, move trembling towards the secret chapel. And each holds in awe the sacred symbols of marriage: one the Phallus, another the Womb.

Hilma Af Klint (1907) The Ten Largest. Adulthood No. 5 Group IV The Paintings for The Temple.

Kahlil Gibran (1923)
The Three Stages of Being. Illustration in The Prophet.

THE VISION

"Every time I find an answer to the questions tormenting me, I always accept it with uneasiness because I know that this answer, without fail, will spawn new questions. Thus the hunt is conducted by the two demons inside me has no end. It seems each answer hides future questions in the folds of its temporary certainty. That is why I always view its coming not with relief but with hidden disquietude."
Nikos Kazantzakis (1965)

You heard the Scream and moved forward. You went from fight to fight taking on the expected ways of war required of an enlisted man.

* You fought within the small tent of your body, within your mother, the area of battle seemed narrow, you were suffocating, and you rushed to escape.

* You encamped with your race, nourishing your hands and heart, raising within your blood the dread ancestors, and then marched with the dead, the living, and the unborn to fight on.

* And suddenly all the races moved with thee, the holy army of mankind regrouped behind thee, all the earth roared like the rest of the camp.

* You ascended, and from the lofty heights the plan of battle branched out from within the circuits of your mind, and all the competing campaigns mingled in the secret campgrounds of your heart.

* And from behind the animals and plants were drawn up, like supply transports to the human troops fighting on the front line.

* Now the Earth's salt clings to you, has become your body, crying out of the chaos.

How can I command in words this terrible drama? I lean into the chaos and listen. One is struggling up a secret, dangerous hill.

* He groans, struggling stubbornly to ascend. But he finds an obstacle countering his momentum: One descends in haste, down a secret, easy downhill slide.

* A breath, in the descending is a dense stream, bees, swirling for a moment; as long as each life is balanced; the two opposite desires are balanced.

* This is how bodies are born, this is how the world is created and the two opposing forces are balanced within each living moment.

* In each moment, the Ascending One is tightly enveloped by a beloved body, his body, and his ascent is delayed. But quickly, with love, with death, it escapes him. And he continues the movement.

* He treads on the inanimate, shapes the plant and lets it flourish. He enters with his whole-being; with his whole-being, he will say: be at one with the longing and the power to escape.

* He rises a little, breathes with difficulty, chokes. He gives up on the plants as too heavy, abandoning as much weayiness and immobility as he can, he is lightened and jumps, alive again, further and higher, creating the animals, and merging in their loins.

* With his whole-being, again, he will say: be at one with the longing and the power to escape.

* The bodies breathe, are nourished, save strength, and in an erotic moment they collapse, spend everything and empty themselves, to deliver their soul to their son. Which soul? The upward momentum!

* He slowly, with struggle, pushes his way between their bodies, abandoning with them as many passions, as much slavery, helplessness and darkness as he can.

* And he rises again, lighter, and rushes to escape; and this drive for freedom, fighting with things, slowly creates the head of man.

* And now, we feel it with a terror, it is again fighting to escape from us, to throw us to the plants and animals, so as to leap further. Great joy and great bitterness comes! the moment has come for us, the pioneers, to jump into unknown.

* Behind the flow of my body and mind, behind the flow of my race and of the multitudes, behind the flow of animals and plants, I see tremblingly the Invisible One who is treading on all the visible things and ascending.

* And under this heavy, blood-stained tread, let all the living things crumble.

* His face is unsmiling, silent, dark, beyond joy and sadness, beyond hope.

* Tremble. Are you my god? Your body is a dull memory. Like a long-term prisoner, you decorated your arms and chest with strange trees and hairy dragons, with bloody adventures, with screams and dates.

* Lord, Lord, you growl like an animal! Your feet are covered with blood and mud; your hands are covered with blood and mud; your jaws are heavy as millstones and grind.

* You are grasped by trees, by animals, you step on people, you shout. You climb the endless black cliff of death and you tremble.

* Where are you going; Pain abounds, light and darkness abound. You weep, you cling to me, you feed on my blood, you wither and yearn for my heart. I hold you in my bosom, I fear you and pity you.

* It as if we buried Someone whom we believed dead and now we hear him in the night crying: Help! And as Someone raises with a struggle the tombstone, our soul and body, rise higher and higher, breathing more and more freely.

* Every word, every act, every Idea is this heavy tombstone and he lifts it up. And my body and the whole world we see, heaven and earth, is the tombstone, and God is struggling to lift it up.

* The trees shout, the animals, the stars: We are lost! Two hands, as big as the sky, are thrown from every living thing and ask for help.

* With knees locked to the chin, with arms outstretched to the light, with the soles of the feet on the spine, all tangled up, God is wrapped up in every particle of flesh.

* When I break open a fruit, the seed is revealed inside me. When I talk to people, a seed is what I see inside their dense, slippery minds.

* God fights in all things, with arms stretched out toward the light. Which light? Above and beyond everything!

It is not only pain that is the essence of our God; nor hope in the future life nor in this earthly life; nor joy and victory. Every religion, raising to worship one of these primordial aspects of God, narrows our heart and mind.

* The essence of our God is the STRUGGLE. In this struggle pain, joy and hope unfold and the work is eternal.

* It is ascending, in the war with the reverse stream, that breeds the pain. But pain is not the absolute monarch. Every victory,

every moment of balance in the ascent brings joy to every living thing, that breathes, feeds, falls in love and gives birth.

* But through the joy and through the pain, springs eternally the hope to escape the pain, to expand only the joy.

* And the ascent begins again; the pain; and the joy is born again and the new hope springs again. The circle never closes. It is not a circle; it is an eternally rising vortex, unfolding, wrapping, unwrapping, the three-state struggle.

What is the purpose of this fight? Thus asks the ill-fated, philanthropist always, from the mind of man, forgetting that the Great Breath does not work within human time, place and causality.

* The Great Breath is superior to these human questions. It has rich, complex impulses, which to our shallow-breathing minds seem like contradictions; but in the essence of the divinity they are comrades and fight all together, a faithful collective.

* The primordial Breath branches out, pours forth, struggles, fails, succeeds, exerts herself. She is the Wind of the Rose!

* We too prepare ourselves and travel, willingly or unwillingly, knowingly and unknowingly, in the midst of the divine presence. So our course has eternal elements for us too, without beginning and end, assisting God, taking risks with him too.

* What is the driving-force, of all the forces of God, that man can conceive? Only this: We distinguish a thin red line on this earth, a bloody red line, which ascends with the struggle from matter to plants, from plants to animals, from animals to man.

* This unbreakable prehuman rhythm is the only visible journey of the Invisible on this Earth. Plants, animals, people, are the steps that God creates to step on and climb.

* Difficult, awe-filled, endless ascension. In these skirmishes will God win, will he be defeated? Is there any victory? Is there any defeat? Our body will rot, return to the ground, but what will happen to Him who passes beyond the body for a moment?

* But all these concerns are inferior, and all hopes and despairs disappear in the complete, voracious vortex of God. God laughs, mourns, kills, sets us on fire and leaves us in the middle-way, what an abandonment!

* I rejoice when I feel between my two temples, like the blink of an eye, the beginning and the end of the world.

* I condense into one enlightened-joyful moment the sowing, sprouting, flowering, fruiting and disappearance of every tree, animal, man, star and god.

* All the Earth is a seed planted within the fabric of my mind. What has been fighting to unfold and come to fruition for countless years in the dark matrix of things, bursts inside my head like a small silent lightning bolt.

* Ah! let's gaze at this lightning, let's hold it for a moment, let's organise it in human words!

* This momentary eternity that encompasses everything, past and future, let's fix it, but without losing all the enormity of the erotic swirl in the immobility of language!

* Let every word be like the Ark of the Covenant, and we can dance around it, shuddering and bowing to the God which is its dread-filled content.

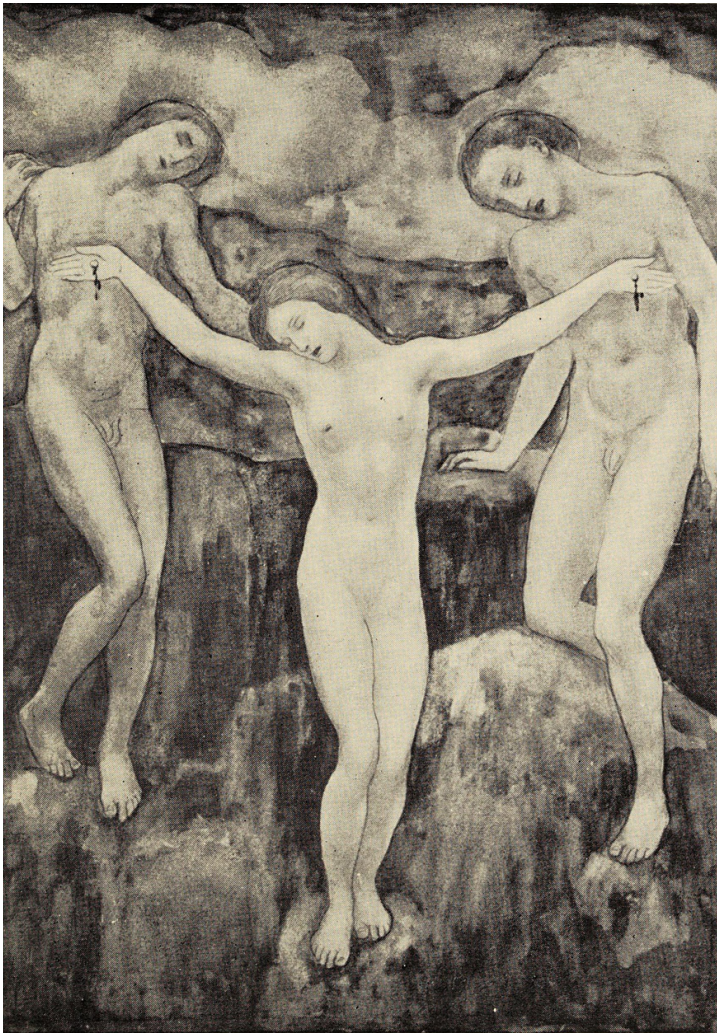
* What you live in ecstasy you will never be able to fix in words of reason. But fight unceasingly to fix it in words. Battle with myths, with comparisons, with allegories, with common and rare words, with proclamations and with rhymes to give it flesh, to transmute it!

* God, the Great Ecstatic, does the same. He speaks, struggles to speak, with seas and fires, with wings, with colours, with horns, with claws, with constellations and butterflies, with men, as much as possible, to enable ecstasy.

* I too, like every living thing, am at the center of the world's vortex. I am the eye of the vast rivers, and everything dances around me, and the circle narrows more and more rapidly, and heaven and earth pour into the red pit of my heart.

* And God confronts me with terror and love; he has no other hope; and says: "This Ecstatic One, who gives birth to all things, rejoices in them and destroys them, this Ecstatic One is my Son!"

Hilma Af Klint (1907) The Ten Largest. Adulthood No. 6 Group IV The Paintings for The Temple.



Kahlil Gibran (1923)
Pain. Illustration in The Prophet.

IN ACTION: Relationships Between God and Man

"Art takes the place of duty; it fights to convert the ephemeral into the eternal and to transubstantiate man's suffering into beauty." Nikos Kazantzakis (1965)

The crux of, most sacred form of, theory is practice.

*Not just to see how the spark leaps from one generation to another, but to leap, to burn with it.

* Action is the widest door to salvation. Only in it can you answer the questions of the heart. In the complexities of the mind, in it finds the shortest way. No, it finds; it creates a way, cutting through the resistance of logic and matter.

* Why did you dive behind the scenes chasing the Unseen? Why all of this warfare, all the love affair between your flesh, your race, man, plants and animals? What purpose, beyond these labours, is this secret marriage, the perfect embrace, the Bacchic raging intercourse in darkness and light?

* It is to arrive from where you started; to the ephemeral, pulsating, mysterious point of your being, with new eyes, with new ears, with new sight, smell and touch, with a new understanding.

* Our profound, human duty is not to unravel and illuminate the rhythm of God's course, but to adapt to, as much as we can, the rhythm of our short, short life.

* This is the only way we mortals manage to pour out something eternal, because we are cooperating with the Immortal.

* Only in this way do we defeat detail, mortal sin, defeat the narrowness of our mind, transform our slavery from the earth-bound material, which we were given to work with, into freedom.

* Amidst all this, beyond all this, all men and peoples, all plants and animals, all gods and demons, like an army, rush upwards, carried away by an incomprehensible, irresistible Breath.

* We fight to make this Breath visible, to give it a face, to wrap it in words, in allegories and reflections and prayers, so that it does not leave us.

* But it doesn't fit in the twenty-six letters we arrange; we know, all these words, allegories, reflections and prayers are again a new mask that conceals the Abyss.

* But only in this way, limiting the immensity, can we, within the borders of this newly carved human circle, find a way to work.

* What does it mean to work? To enrich this circle with desires, with concerns and with actions, to spread out and reach the borders, to move beyond them, to both take root and collapse them. Thus, by working on the actuality-of-things, we multiply, we expand the essence.

* That is why, after our contact with the essence, our return to the actuality-of-things is of incalculable value.

* We have seen the highest circle of the swirling powers. We called this circle God. We could give it any other name we wanted: Abyss, Mystery, Absolute Darkness, Absolute Light, Matter, Spirit, Last Hope, Last Despair, Silence.

* But we called it God, because only this name profoundly stirs our souls, for eternal reasons. And all this co-motion is necessary to touch face to face, beyond logic, the dread-filled essence.

* Within this gigantic circle of divinity, we owe it to ourselves to distinguish and clearly grasp the little arc of fire that is of our age.

* Upon this invisible flaming curve, with Deeper empathy, secretly bending the circle's fiery momentum, We march in harmony with the Universe, feeling the movement and embrace the fight.

* Thus our ephemeral actions, consciously following the course of the Universe, do not die with us.

* Then we do not lose ourself in the mysterious passive contemplation of the circle; we do not despise the holy, humble daily need to work.

* In our narrow blood-stained furrow, bent over, we work solidly, comfortably defeating, within a small point of time and place, time and place; for at this point we follow the divine rush of the cycle.

* I don't care what shape other times and other peoples gave to the immense faceless essence. They seasoned it with human virtues, with rewards and punishments, with certainties. They gave their hopes and fears a face, they subdued their anarchy to a rhythm, they found a superior justification to live and work. They did their duty.

* But today we have travelled beyond these needs, we have crushed this mask of the Abyss, our God no longer fits under the old mask.

* Our hearts overflow with new anxieties, with new brightness and silence. The mystery still rages, God is still dread-filled. The dark forces are rising, they are also multiplying, the entire island of humanity is shaking.

* Let us lean into our hearts and bravely face the Abyss. Let us try to re-create anew a new modern face of our God with our flesh and our blood!

* Because our God is not an abstract contemplation, a logical necessity, a harmonious high edifice made of reasonings and imaginations.

* God is not a pure, neutral, neither male nor female, odourless, distilled construct of our mind.

* It is both man and woman, mortal and immortal, shit and wind. It gives birth, impregnates and kills, love and death are one, and again and again gives birth and kills; freely dancing beyond the borders of reason, which cannot contain antinomies.

* My God is not omnipotent. He struggles, he is in danger every moment, he trembles, he stumbles over every living

thing, he cries out. Incessantly he is defeated and rises again, covered in blood and dirt, and he starts the fight again.

* He is covered in wounds, his eyes are filled with fear and stubbornness, his jaw and temples are crushed. But he doesn't give up, he ascends: with his feet, with his hands, biting his lips, he climbs up indefatigably.

* My God is not all good. It is unbridled cruelty, fierce justice, and it mercilessly singles out the best. He does not pity, he does not care for people and animals, nor for virtues and Ideas. All these he loves for a moment, crushes them eternally and passes on.

* He is the force that holds everything, that gives birth to everything. He gives birth to them, loves them, and destroys them. And if we say: God is an amorous wind that crushes bodies to pass, and we remember how love always works through blood and tears, relentlessly destroying individuals, then we get a little closer to its dread-filled face.

* My God is not all knowing. His mind is a tangle of light and dark and he fights to untangle it within the labyrinth of our flesh.

* He stumbles, fumbles. Groping right, turns around; turns left, smells the air. Struggles within the chaos. Crawling, toiling, searching for countless centuries, it slowly feels the murky circling of his mind finally illuminated.

* Upon his heavy endarkened head, with an unspeakable struggle he begins by creating eyes to see, and ears to hear.

* My God fights on without any certainty. Will he win; Will he be defeated? Nothing is certain in this Universe, he throws

himself into the uncertain, gambling, in every moment, his whole fate.

* He is captured by our warm bodies, he has no other means. He cries out for help; he proclaims throughout the Universe it's return.

* It is our duty, repeating the Scream, to run under its banners, to fight with him. For us to be saved, or to perish with him.

* God is at risk. He is not all-powerful, let us not fold our hands, in expectation of a sure victory; he is not all-good, let us not expect with any confidence that he will pity us and save us.

* God, within the realm of our ephemeral flesh, is at risk. He cannot be saved if we with our struggles do not save him; we cannot be saved if he is not saved.

* We are one. From the blind worm at the bottom of the ocean to the vast expanse of the Milky Way, only one is struggling and at risk, ourselves. And in our small, earth-bound chest, only one is struggling and at risk, it is the Universe.

Let it be so, we must not feel that we are going from the unity of God to the same unity of God again. We are not going from one mess to another mess. Nor from one light to another light; or from one darkness to another darkness. What value would this life of ours have then? What would be the value of our lonely life?

* But we are moving on from an omnipotent chaos, from an indissoluble, entangled, light and dark abyss. And we are all fighting: plants, animals, people, ideas; in each tiny moment, this passage through an individual life, to put order into the

Chaos within us, to sooth away the abyss, to work away as much darkness as we can from our shaped-body, to make light.

* We are not fighting for our ego, not for our race, not for humanity. We are not fighting for the Earth, nor for Ideas. All these are temporary and but precious stepping-stones of our God ascending; and they crumble away, as soon as God steps on them in its ascent.

* In the smallest lightning flashes of our life, we feel that God is stepping upon us, and suddenly we understand: If we all strongly desire it, if we organise all the visible and invisible forces of the earth and lift them upwards, if we are always vigilant and stand together and fight - the Universe can be saved.

* No, God will not save us; we will save God, by fighting, by creating, by transmuting things into spirit.

* But the whole of our struggle may be lost. If we get tired, if we slack off, if we panic, the whole Universe is then at risk.

* Life is military service in the service of God. We moved as did the crusaders to liberate, whether we want to or not, not the Holy Sepulchre, but the God buried in things and buried in our souls.

* Every body, every soul is a Holy Sepulchre. The Holy Sepulchre is a seed of wheat; let us sow it! The Holy Sepulchre is the mind; in it lies God and it fights with death; let us run to help it!

* God gives the battle cry, and I rush to the attack, trembling.

* Whether I remain behind as a deserter or fight bravely, I will always fall in battle. But my first death is sterile; together with my body, my soul is lost, scattered to the wind.

* On the second death, I descend to the earth, like a fruit, a ripe seed. And my breath, leaving my body to rot, encourages new bodies and continues the battle.

* My prayer is not a beggar's whimper nor a confession of love. Nor is it merchant's humble account: I give to you, you give to me.

* My prayer is a report from a soldier to a general. This is what I did today, this is how I fought to save my own domain in the battle, these obstacles I have found, so I think tomorrow I will fight on.

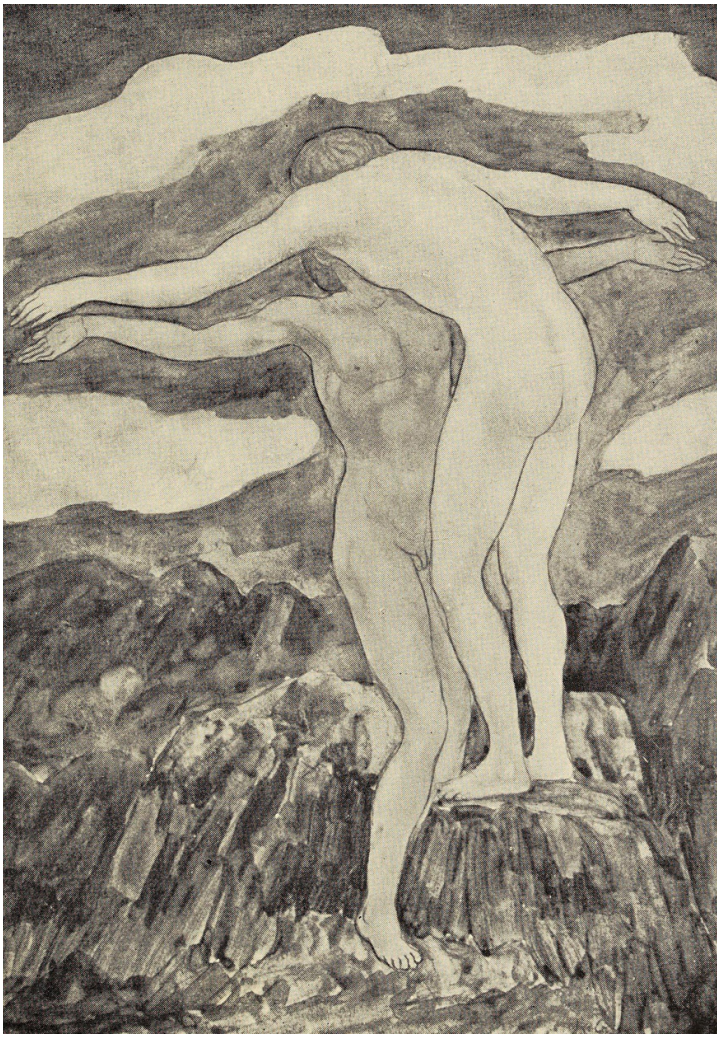
* We ride on horseback in the sun or under the gentle rain; I and my God; and we talk as we ride on together pale, hungry, but unsubdued.

* "Chief!" I cry and it turns to face me and I shudder as I see his agony.

* Our love is rough and tough, we sit at the same table, we drink of the same wine in this lowly tavern of Earth.

* And as we clink our glasses, swords clash, hatreds and loves merge, we get drunk, visions of carnage arise in our eyes, cities and states collapse in our minds, and we are both captured by and run, screaming in pain, towards a great Palace.

Hilma Af Klint (1907) The Ten Largest. Adulthood No. 7 Group IV The Paintings for The Temple.



Kahlil Gibran (1932)
Friendship. Illustration in The Prophet.

IN ACTION: Relationships Between Man and Man

"When I awoke, I was no longer the same person, because formerly I had not known, and now I knew. I kept asking myself how a dream could change a man's life. It does not change it, I replied; it simply announces that the change has taken place." Nikos Kazantzakis (1965)

What is the essence of our God? It is the fight for freedom. In the inexorable darkness a red-flaming line ascends and marks the course of the Invisible. What is our duty? Let us together ascend this blood-drenched line with it.

* Everything that rushes upwards and helps God to ascend is good. Evil is what weighs us down, and prevents God from ascending.

* All virtues and vices now take on a new value, they are freed from the moment and from the earth, they exist absolutely within man, before and after man, eternally.

* Because the essence of our morality is not the salvation of man, which changes in time and place, but rather the salvation of God, which through the various flowing human

forms and adventures is always the same, the constant-repeating rhythm that fights for freedom.

* We are poor humble human beings, heartless, small, insignificant. But within us, an essence superior to us pushes us relentlessly upwards.

* From within this human muddiness, divine songs have their becoming, They come with great ideas, violent loves, a sleepless, mysterious assault, without beginning and end, without purpose, beyond all purpose.

* Such a ball of mud is humanity, such a ball of mud is each of us. What is our duty? Let us fight for a small flower to bloom upon this nourishing mud that is our flesh and mind.

* Battle from things, battle from the flesh, from hunger, from fear, battle from virtue and from sin to create God.

* How does light start from a star and plunge into black eternity and travel time immemorial? The star dies; but its light never dies; it is the same with the the cry for freedom.

* Battle, using the transient meetings of the opposite forces that constitute your existence, to create what immortal mortals can within this world; a Cry.

* She, abandoning the body that gave birth to it, wanders and works eternally.

A voracious love permeates the Universe. She is like ether: harder than steel, softer than air.

* She opens us up, penetrating everything, leaves, escapes. She does not sleep in every warm detail of us, she does not enslave herself to the beloved body. She is Love Enlisted. Behind her beloved's shoulders, she sees people tossing and turning like waves, she sees animals and plants wither and die, she sees God in danger and cries out to him: "Save me!"

* Love? How else can we name the drive that, when it looks at things is fascinated and wants to imprint its image upon it? She faces the body and wants to pass beyond it, to merge with the other love cry hidden in this body, to be born as one, to disappear, to become immortal in the begetting.

* She approached the soul and wants to kiss, so that you and I no longer exist; she breathes on the multitudes and wants, by crushing the resistances of the mind and the body, for all their breaths to come together, to become a violent wind, to lift up the earth!

* At the most critical moments, Love fascinates and violently unites people, enemies and friends, good and bad, it is a breath superior to them, independent of their desire and of their works. It is the breath of God, his breath, upon the earth!

* She descends on people, as she pleases. Descending as dance, as love, as hunger, as religion, as slaughter. She does not ask us for permission.

* Inside the working-vessel of this earth, in these critical hours, God is working to leaven the flesh and the minds and throw all this dough into the endless vortex of his cycles and give it a face: his face.

* She doesn't flinch in disgust, she doesn't despair at their earthly, darkness within. She works, she advances, she consumes their flesh, she takes hold of the belly, of the heart, of the phallus, of the mind of man.

* He is not a good family man, he does not distribute bread and brains equally to all his children. Injustice, Cruelty, Longing, Hunger are the four horses that drive the chariot over our rugged earth.

* From happiness, from good times and from glory, God is never formed, but from shame, from hunger and tears.

At every critical moment, a group of people risk their lives at the battle front as god-bearers and fight, taking the full responsibility of the battle upon themselves.

* Once before our time the priests, the kings, the nobles, the burghers worked together; and they created civilisations, they liberated the divinity.

* Today God is in common-man, furious with a fire from work, filled with anger and with hunger. He smells of smoke, wine and sweat. He swears, he hungers, he gives birth to children, he cannot sleep, he shouts out and threatens the homeless and the homeless-shelters of the earth and he bullies.

* The air is changing, we breathe in a spring laden, heavy with seeds; Voices are raised. Who is shouting? We are shouting, the people; the living, the dead and the unborn. But even now, fear overwhelms us and we remain silent.

* We forget again out of laziness, out of habit, out of stubbornness. But suddenly again the Scream tears apart our guts like an eagle.

* But it is not from outside, it's not coming from a nowhere-land that we might escape. For within our heart sits the Scream and it is getting louder.

* "Burn your house down!" God shouts. "I'm coming! Whoever has a house cannot receive me."

* "Burn your Ideas, crush all your reasoned arguments! Whoever has found the solution can not find me."

* "I love the hungry, the restless, the vagabonds. They eternally contemplate hunger, mutiny, and the endless road; there I stay!"

* "I'm coming! Leave your wife, your children, your Ideas and follow me. I am the great Vagabond."

* "Listen! Walk above joy and sorrow, peace, justice, and virtue! Front-up! Crush these idols, crush them, I don't fit into them! Crush yourself too so that I can pass!"

* Set the Fires burning! Here is our great duty today, among such an immoral and hopeless chaos.

* War on the infidels! Infidels are the happy, the satiated, those barren of thought.

* Our hatred is without compromise, because it possesses better knowledge how, deeper than the weak breath of philanthropic care, to work through love.

* We hate, we are never content, we are unjust, cruel, full of restlessness and faith, we ask for the impossible, like those in love.

* Set Fires, to cleanse the earth! May an even greater abyss open between good and evil, may injustice multiply, may Famine descend and then it may be possible to reap from our sustenance, otherwise we will not be saved.

* We are living now in a critically violent moment is our historical ages, one world is crumbling, another is yet to be born. Our era is not a moment of balance, where kindness, compromise, peace, love would be the fruitful virtues.

* We live in moments of terrible assaults, we trample upon the enemies, we trample upon the remaining friends, we are running head long into the chaos, we are drowning. We no longer fit any of the old virtues and hopes, the old theories and practices.

* The wind of destruction is blowing; this is today the breath of our God; let us go with him! The wind of destruction is the first dancing movements of the creative rush. It blows over all the heads and comes from all the states, demolishing Ideas and houses, passes through all the deserts, shouting: "Get ready! It is War! War!"

* This is our age, good or bad, beautiful or ugly, rich or poor, we did not choose it. This is our season, the air we breathe, the mud we were given, the bread, the fire, the breath!

* Let's accept the need like a child. Our lot has been chosen as that of a warrior, let us tighten our belts, let us arm our body, heart and mind! Let's take our place in battle!

* War is the rightful ruler of this age. Today, only the warrior is a balanced, virtuous man. Because only he, faithful to the

great breath of our time, tearing down, hating, desiring, follows these modern commandments of our God.

Our identification with the Universe gives birth to the two highest virtues of our ethics: responsibility and sacrifice.

* Within us, within mankind, within the dark multitudes, we have a duty to help God, who is struggling, to liberate himself.

* In every moment we must be ready to lay down our lives for his sake. Because life is not an end in its self, it is also an instrument, like death, like beauty, virtue, knowledge. Whose instrument? Of the God who fights too for freedom.

* We are all one, we are all together this endangered essence. A soul at the edge of the world that falls, collapsing in its fall as does our soul too. One mind at the edge of the world that sinks into stupidity, a darkness ripens within us.

* Because we are one at the ends of heaven and earth in our fighting. The one. And if She gets lost, we are responsible. If She is lost, we are lost.

* This is why the salvation of the Universe is also our salvation and solidarity with people is no longer a tender-hearted luxury but deep requirement for self-preservation and a necessity. Necessity, as in a fighting army, is the salvation of thy comrades.

* But our morality lifts us even higher. We are all one army and we are fighting. But we don't know for sure if we will win, we don't know for sure if we will be defeated.

* Is there salvation, is there a purpose that we serve and by serving it we find our redemption? Or is there no salvation,

no purpose, all is futile and all our contributions have no value?

* Neither one nor the other. Our God is not all-powerful, not all-good, not sure how to conquer, not sure how to be defeated.

* The essence of our God is obscure, it is maturing all the time, perhaps victory is secured with our every single brave act, perhaps all these anxieties for redemption and victory are inferior to the nature of divinity.

* Be that as it may, we fight on without certainty, and our virtue, not being certain of reward, acquires the deepest gentleness.

* All orders go unheard. We don't see, we don't hear, we don't hate, we don't love like before. The virginity of the earth is renewed. The bread, the water, the woman get new flavours. New, incalculable value, comes from our actions.

* Everything acquires an unexpected holiness: beauty, knowledge, hope, financial struggle, everyday, yet insignificant, concerns. Everywhere shuddering we bow with the same giant enslaved Breath fighting for her freedom.

Everyone has their own path that leads them to redemption: one to virtue, the other to vice.

* If the road that leads to your redemption is sickness, lies, dishonour, it is your duty to immerse yourself in sickness, lies, dishonour, in order to defeat them. Otherwise you are not saved.

* If the path that leads to your redemption is virtue, joy, truth, it is your duty to immerse yourself in virtue, joy, truth, to defeat them, to leave them behind you. Otherwise you are not saved.

* We do not fight our dark passions with sober, bloodless, neutral, above-passion virtue. Because of other more intense passions.

* We leave our door open to sin. We do not cover up our ears so that we do not hear the Sirens. We are not bound by fear to the mast of a great Idea; we do not give up the ship and go down screaming, kissing the Sirens as we go.

* Because we continue our course, we grab and throw the Sirens into our ship and they also travel with us. This, comrades, is our new Asceticism!

* God cries out in my heart: Save me!

* God cries our to people, to animals, to plants, to matter: Save me!

* Listen to your heart and listen to him. Crush your body and be enlightened: We are all one!

* Love mankind, because he is you.

* Love the animals and the plants, for you were they, and now you are followed by faithful companions and servants.

* Love your body; only with it can you on this earth fight and illuminate things.

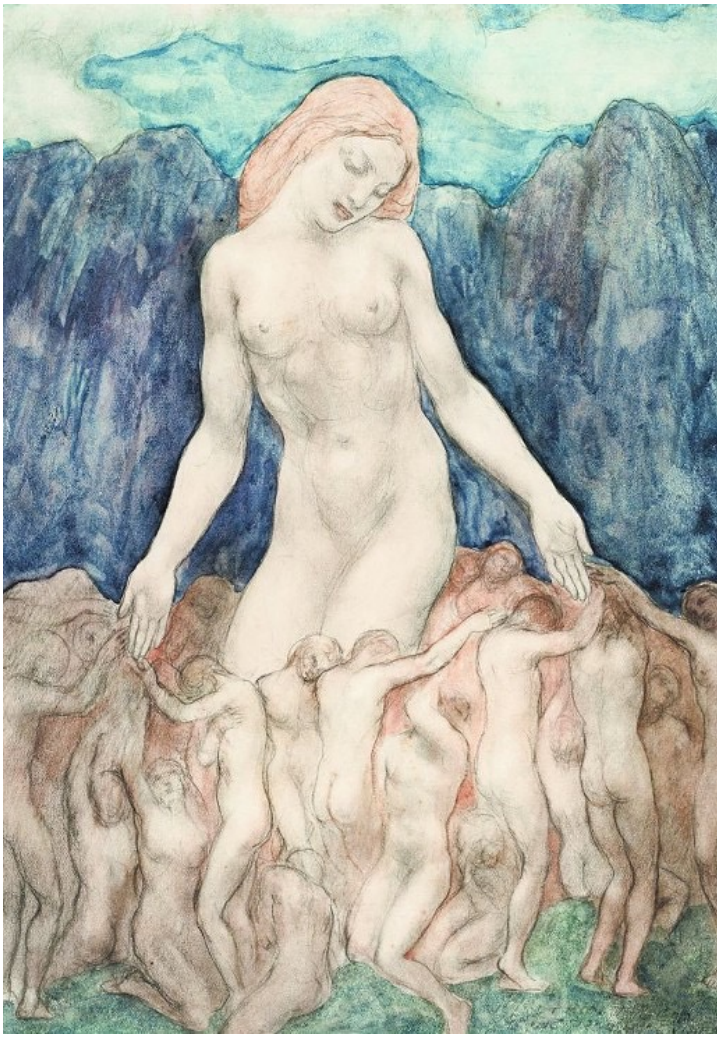
* Love matter; God clings to it and fights. Fight with him.

* Die every day. Be born every day. Deny everything you have every day. The highest virtue is not to be free, but to fight for freedom.

* Don't stop to ask: “Will we win? Will we be defeated?” Fight on!

* May the business of the Universe, for an ephemeral moment, while you live, become your business. This, friends, is our new Decalogue!

Hilma Af Klint (1907) The Ten Largest. Adulthood No. 8 Group IV The Paintings for The Temple.



Kahlil Gibran (1931)
Life from The Garden of the Prophet

IN ACTION: Relationships Between Man and Nature

"I feel as though I were earth, thirsty earth; the feminine element within me, a women hidden deep in my bowels, awakes and receives the sky as she would a man.... The truth which has been storing up anguish in my breast for such a long time was now the real truth; the real truth was this new born creature of imagination. By means of imagination I had obliterated reality, and felt relieved"
Nikos Kazantzakis (1965)

This world, with all its rich, infinite series of phenomena, is not a deception, a colourful phantasmagoria of our mirrored mind. Neither is it absolute reality, living and transforming independent of the power of our mind, free.

* It is not the glittering garment that clothes the secret body of God. Forget now the transparent and dark partition between man and mystery.

* This whole world that we see, feel and touch is that accessible to the human senses, all of which is God, the condensation of the two enormous forces of the Universe.

* One force descends and wants to scatter, immobilise, die. The other force ascends and demands freedom and immortality.

* Eternally these two armies, the dark and the light, the armies of life and death, collide. The traces of this conflict visible to us are things, plants, animals, people.

* Eternally these opposing forces collide, merge, fight, conquer and are conquered, briefly reconcile and then begin to fight again throughout the Universe; from the invisible whirlpool within a drop of water to the vast light-flooding stars of the Galaxy.

* In the humblest insect and the smallest Idea are God's camp of building goods. Within them all God is fully ready for these critical battles.

* And in the most insignificant particles of earth and sky I hear my God shouting: Help!

* Every thing is an egg, and within it the seed of God restlessly, sleeplessly works. Countless forces within and without are lining up and defending it.

* With the light of the mind, with the flame of the heart I besiege every prison which holds God, searching, testing, knocking, to open a door in the fortress of things, to create in the fortress of things the door allowing the heroic exit of our God.

Battle, subordinating phenomena with patience, to subjugate them into laws. This is how you make way your way through the chaos and help the spirit to march.

* Bring order, the order of your mind, to the flowing anarchy of the world. He drew clearly upon the abyss the plan for the battles.

* Fight the natural forces, force them to live for a higher purpose. Free the spirit that struggles within them and longs to merge with the spirit that struggles in their souls.

* When, in the chaos, man struggles to subjugate a series of phenomena to the laws of his mind and strictly encloses these laws in speech, the world breathes, the voices are calmed, the future is clarified and all the dark endless quantities of numbers are freed by subjugation to a mystical quality.

* With the help of our mind we compel things to come with us. We defeat the downward forces, turn the tide, transform our slavery into freedom.

* We don't just liberate God by fighting and subduing the visible world around us; we also create our God.

* Open your eyes, cries God; I want to see! Prick up your ears, I want to hear! Go on ahead; you are my head!

* The stone is saved if we lift it from the mud and build it into a house or if we carve the spirit upon it.

* The seed is now saved; what does it mean saved? It liberates the inner God; blossoming, bearing fruit, returning to the soil; let us help the seed to be saved.

* Each person has his own circle of things, of trees, animals, people, Ideas; and it is this circle he has a duty to save. He, no one else. If he does not save them, he cannot be saved.

* It is his work that he is duty bound to finish before he dies. Otherwise it is not saved. Because his very soul is scattered, enslaved to the things around him, to the trees, to the animals, to the people, to the Ideas, and this, his soul, he saves by doing his work.

* If you are labourer, working the earth, let it bear fruit. The seeds call out through the soil, God calls out through the seeds. Set him free. A field awaits redemption from your hands, a machine awaits for its soul which comes from you. You can't save yourself anymore if you don't save them.

* If you are a warrior, don't be sorry for your actions, compassion is not in your arena of duty. He was also killing all the evil relentlessly. Through the body of the enemy hear God cry: "Kill this body, it hinders me; kill it so I can pass!"

* If you are wise, fight within the skull, kill the old Ideas, create new ones. God is hidden within every Idea, as within all flesh. Crush the Idea, set him free! Give him another Idea, more generous, in which to dwell.

* If you are a woman, love. Choose, among all men, with a toughness, the father of your children. It is not you who makes the choice; the anarchic, indestructible, merciless male God in you chooses. Fulfil all your duty, bitter with bitterness, love and courage. Give up your whole body, all the blood and all the milk.

* Say: This one, whom I hold on my neck and suckle, will save God. Let me give him all my blood and milk.

Profound, immeasurable is the value of this flowing world: from it God is caught and ascends; from it God is nourished and multiplies.

* My heart opens, my mind is enlightened, and all at once this dread-filled battleground of the world is revealed to me as an erotic arena.

* Two violent headwinds, one male, the other female, meet and collide at a crossroad. They consummate for a moment, consecration, becoming visible.

* This crossroad is the Universe. This crossroad is my heart.

* From the darkest particle of matter to the greatest contemplation, the dance of this giant loving conflict is transmitted.

* The everythingness is the wife of my God; the two together fight, laugh and cry, crying out in their bed chamber of the flesh.

* They give birth, they are the pollinators. Land and sea and air are fertilised by plants, animals, humans and spirits, the primordial couple within each living thing embraces, divides and multiplies.

* All the collective anguish of the Universe breaks out of every living thing and God in the sweetness, in the bitterness of the flesh is in danger.

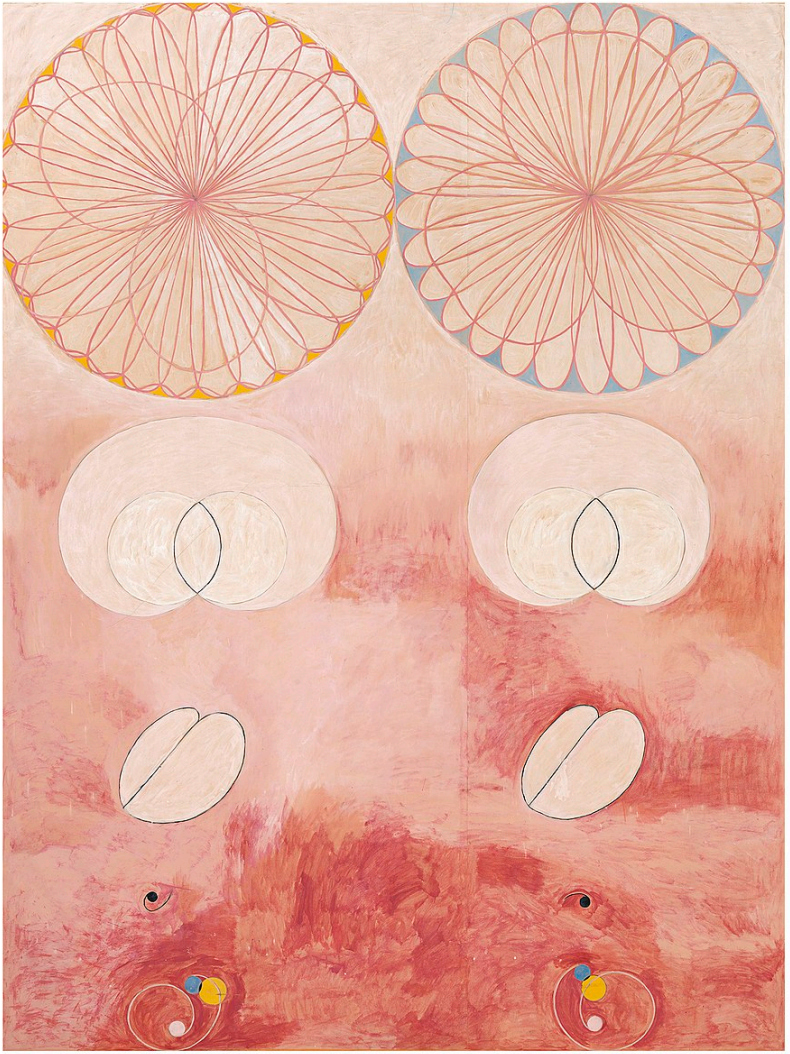
* But it shakes free, it jumps free from the shackles and from the loins, it stumbles, it is caught by new grips and shackles, and the fight for freedom starts all over again.

* For the first time, on this earth, through our minds and hearts, God gazes upon his struggles.

* Joy! Joy! I didn't know that this world was so much a part of me, that we are all one army, that the anemones and the stars are fighting, to my right a gerbil, and they don't know me, but I turn smiling and wave to them all.

* Warm, loving, familiar, smelling of my body, is the Universe. Loving and battling together, raging with our restlessness, persistence and uncertainty.

* Uncertainty and fear. In a violent intuitive flash I discern: on the loftiest pinnacle of power their embrace; the tightest embrace, the most terrible pair consort - dread-filled terror and Silence. And between them the Flame.



Hilma Af Klint (1907) The Ten Largest. Old Age No. 9 Group IV The Paintings for The Temple.

Kahlil Gibran (1932)
The Flame.

THE SILENCE

"How then can we define uncertainty? Uncertainty is the mother of a new certainty." Nikos Kazantzakis (1965)

The Flame is the soul of man; a fiery bird, Leaping from branch to branch, from head to head, And She cries: "I cannot stand still, I cannot be consumed, none can quench me!"

* The universe becomes a tree of fire. Between the smoke and the flames, resting on the top of the fire, I hold on to the fruit of the fire, the Light, unsoiled, cool, peaceful.

* From this highest of peaks I look at the ascending red line; a quivering blood-red phosphorescence, creeping like an enamoured insect through the rain-soaked gyres of my mind.

* I, my race, the multitudes, earth, theory and practice, God, are ghosts of the soil and mind, which are Good for the simple hearts that fear, Good for the wind-swept souls that have the courage to give birth.

* Where do we come from? Where are we going; What is the meaning of this life? This is what hearts cry, heads ask, beating at the chaos.

* And a fire inside me is moved to answer. One day, surely, fire will purify the earth. One day, surely, fire will destroy the earth. This is the Second Coming.

* A tongue of fire is the soul and it licks and fights to set the dark mass of the world on fire. One day the whole Universe will be on fire.

* Fire is the first and final mask of my God. Between the two big pyres we dance and weep.

* Our thoughts and bodies sparkle and shine in the glow. Calmly I stand between the two fires and my reasoning-mind is still within the vertigo and I say:

* The time is too short, the space between the two fires is too narrow, the rhythm of this life is too slow; I have no time, I have no place to dance! I can no longer wait!

* And all of a sudden the rhythm of the earth becomes alive in a haziness, time disappears, the moment swirls, it becomes eternity, at a single sharp point everything - so you want an insect, so you want a star, so you want an Idea; it all just becomes in a dance.

* It was a prison, and the prison walls crumble away and the terrible forces within are unleashed and the single sharp point is no more!

* This ultimate stage of our work is called: Silence. No words, because the content is inexpressible despair or inexpressible joy and hope. We do not know because it is ultimately an unknowable, which does not allow herself to speak, because of her inexpressible ignorance, which cannot speak.

* Silence will say: Each one of you, having completed your terms of duty in all your works, now has reached the highest peak of your endeavours; now beyond all your work, no longer struggling, no longer shouting; you mature silently, indestructibly, eternally with the entire Universe.

* You are in charge now, having merged within the abyss, like the seed of the man within the womb of the woman.

* The abyss is now your wife and you work with her, opening up with her, consuming her vital essence, transmuting her blood, laughs, cries, ascending, descending with her, and you will never leave her!

* How can you reach the womb of the abyss and reap from it? This cannot be said, cannot be squeezed into words, cannot be submitted to laws; everyone has their own redemptive path, and so is completely free.

* There is no instruction available, there is no Redeemer to open the way. There is no other way to open it up.

* Each one, ascending above and beyond their own head, escapes their own small, but wondering mind.

* In the profound Silence, standing, fearless, in pain and in play, ascending ceaselessly from peak to peak, knowing that the height has no end, he sings, hanging over the abyss, with pride a song:

1. I BELIEVE IN ONE GOD, EXCEPTIONALLY, ORIGINAL, MILITARY, PASSIONATE, MIGHTY, BUT NOT ALMIGHTY, WARRIOR WHO IS NOT LIMITED BY BORDERS, IS THE COMMANDER OF ALL ENLIGHTENING FORCES, BOTH VISIBLE AND INVISIBLE.

2. I BELIEVE IN THE NUMEROUS ETERNAL PERSONS THAT GOD HAS TAKEN WITH HIM THROUGH THE AGES, AND FROM BEHIND HIS CEASELESS FLOW I SENSE AN UNFAILING UNITY.

3. I BELIEVE IN HIS VIGILANT AND VIOLENT STRUGGLE, THAT TAMES AND MAKES FRUIT FROM THINGS; IS THE LIFE-GIVING SOURCE OF PLANTS, ANIMALS AND MEN.

4. I BELIEVE IN THE HEART OF MAN, THE THRESHING-FLOOR, WHERE DAY AND NIGHT THE DEFENDER FIGHTS WITH DEATH.

5. "HELP!" YOU SHOUT, OH LORD. "HELP!" YOU CRY, LORD, AND I HEAR YOU.

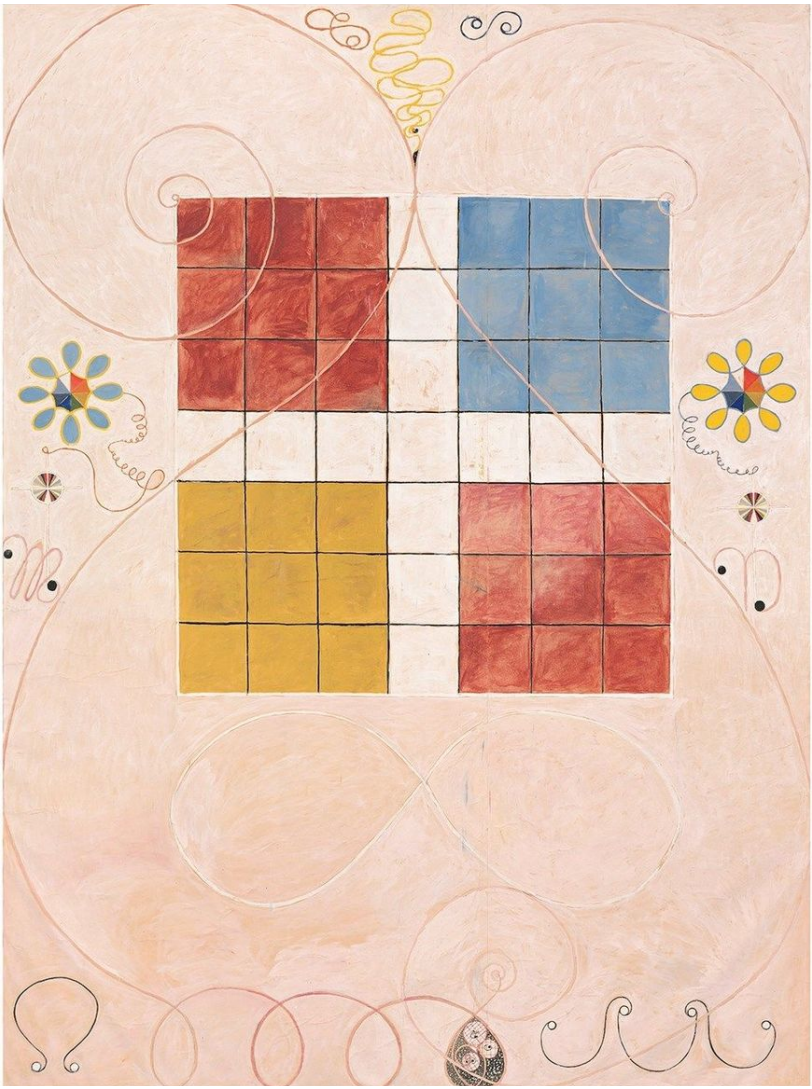
6. WITHIN ME THE ANCESTORS AND THEIR DESCENDANTS AND ALL THE RACES, AND THE WHOLE EARTH, ALL HEAR WITH TERROR, WITH JOY, YOUR CRY.

7. BLESSED ARE THOSE WHO LISTEN AND RUSH TO SAVE YOU, LORD, AND SAY: "I AND YOU WHEN ALONE EXIST."

8. BLESSED ARE THOSE WHO HAVE REDEEMED YOU, ARE JOINED WITH YOU, LORD, AND SAY: "I AND YOU ARE ONE."

9. AND THRICE BLESSED ARE THOSE WHO HOLD, AND DO NOT BUCKLE, IN HOLDING UPON THEIR SHOULDER, THE FOLLOWING GREAT, SUBLIME, AND TERRIFYING SECRET:

    - THAT EVEN THIS ONE DOESN'T EXIST!



Hilma Af Klint (1907) The Ten Largest. Old Age No. 10 Group IV The Paintings for The Temple.

"These fragments I have shored against my ruins
Why then Ile fit you. Hieronymo's mad againe.
Datta. Dayadhvam. Damyata.

Shantih shantih shantih."

T.S. Eliot (1922)

Kahlil Gibran (1925)
The Summit from Sand and Foam

Freedom: let us all who can see and hear sing.

Πλὴν ὁ Σιμωνίδης τὴν μὲν ζῳγραφίαν ποίησιν σιωπῶσαν προσαγορεύει, τὴν δὲ ποίησιν ζῳγραφίαν λαλοῦσαν.

Plutarch (100 AD [1927], [1936])

We, all of us, must accept our part in the entirety of humanity, then express something of it from our creative sources, our love and hate filled destruction, and find in our unique ways, silent and spoken, a voice to celebrate this, our one life. The lightness and darkness of existence are well documented and well understood by all who have lived, or will live, any creative human existence. Within our finite and infinite existences many, over all Millenia and all races, have found beautiful ways of expressing their profound insights about the 'source' of their soul-filled productive lives. The work of Nikos Kazantzakis, who moved beyond Nietzsche and Bergson, expressed, in the most profound way, a unique expression which speaks fully of these very human challenges and has left a legacy which helps us all understand the "sources" that little bit better. He points a way, understood intuitively and prophetically by most poets, to the movements within the moments of our daily goings-on: to our "struggles" that define who we are.

In my own dance through life, navigating the lightness and darkness, a great friend, in our own language, expressed what he saw in me as "Total Quality Management (TQM) of the soul". Each time I think of this I smile, in the thought of a friend but also in the irony of the analogy. Whist there is an ascent, a movement, there is also: no desire for 100% effectiveness, accompanied with a political statement like "this will never happen again," after unexpected outcomes - bad things do come

again; always a descent too, as my human mind speaks of desires and things, and a darkness encloses life in an incessant narrowing towards the "I" of our minds - the spoken words.

The words of Nikos Kazantzakis has inspired this work as it expresses for me how and where I found my ways and words I wish I could find. Though the times are different the motive force, the "source" appears to be the same. The "struggle" is the same. Nietzsche, Pessoa, Rilke, Eliot, Valery, A.E, Weil together with technology and science defined my own very different path, yet the destination and struggles are still all too familiar. I too have found a way of expressing this "struggle", found in my own ways and words.

This book then is a celebration of the words of Nikos Kazantzakis accompanied by a few words and images of others who have expressed the same path in their own unique way. Simone Weil (1952) wrote the most profound philosophical expression, her words introduce the journey - this "struggle" is our human obligation (The Head). T.S.Eliot (1936) built upon the words of Heraclitus and wrote the most profound poetic expression, his words support the journey - in the four seasons of human existence we both ascend and descend, finding our words in the moments inbetween (The Heart). From the profound eternal silence great artists have been luckier in finding wordless expressions of this journey. Khalil Gibran (1923) supported his own poetic and philosophical words with humanistic expressions, which here begin each section - this is our daily human struggle (The Work). Hilma Af Klint (1907) found her own way of both expressing, decorating, and making available from the silence the majestic - her images complete each section and help the words carry a meaning (The Visible). Wassily Kandinsky (1946) sets the stage for each section of words in images referencing what is not visible - his profound expression of the Spiritual, as expressed in art (The Invisible)

All of these artists and poets are wrapped together with love, hoping others can go beyond, again, and find the beauty which abounds, in their own words and actions.

The weaving together of Nikos Kazantzakis profound works (The Philosophy and The Narrative) is the final deliberate act in the hope of creating something new.

There is no quarrel between those who create, and ascend, and those who notice and comment, with their own ascending or descending voices. We can all live together.

"Literature is not merely language; it is also the will to figuration, the motive for metaphor that Nietzsche once defined as the desire to be different, the desire to be elsewhere. This partly means to be different from oneself, but primarily, I think, to be different from the metaphors and images of the contingent works that are one's heritage: the desire to write greatly is the desire to be elsewhere, in a time and place of one's own, in an originality that must compound with inheritance, with the anxiety of influence."

"Pragmatically, aesthetic value can be recognized or experienced, but it cannot be conveyed to those who are incapable of grasping its sensations and perceptions. To quarrel on its behalf is always a blunder."

Harold Bloom (1995)

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